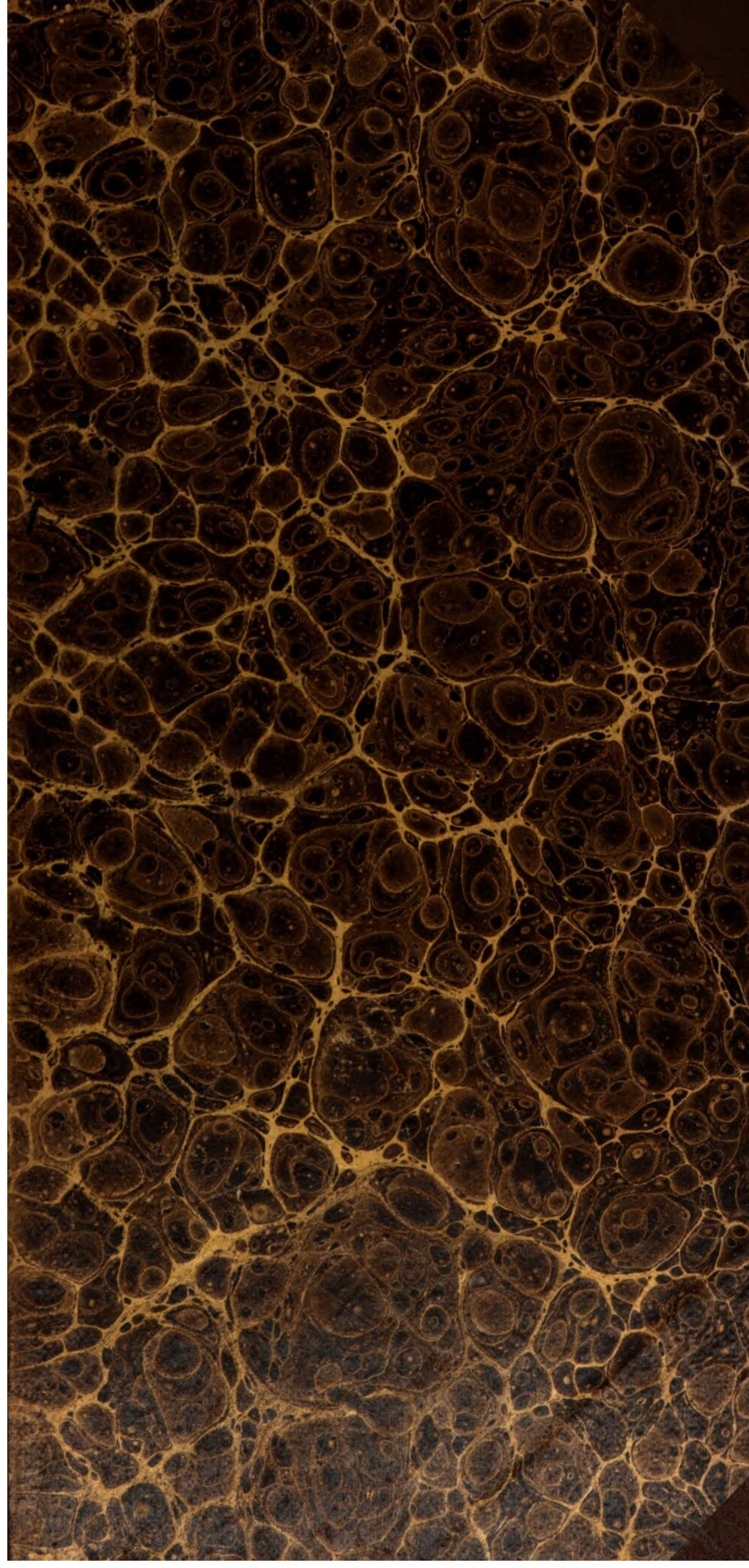




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QUENTIN DURWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," ETC.

La guerre est ma patrie,
Mon harnois ma maison,
Et en toute saison
Combattre c'est ma vie.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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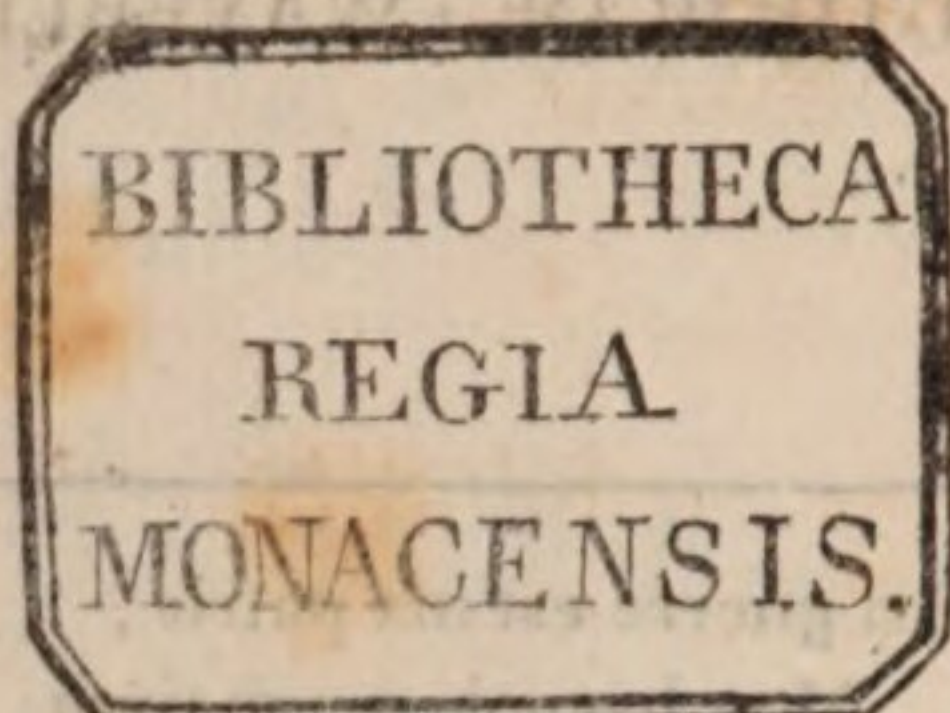
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IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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1851

QUENTIN DURWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE HALL OF ROLAND.

Painters show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen eyes?
Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles
Which parents, guardians, and advisers lend him,
That he may look through them on lands and mansions
On jewels, gold, and all such rich dotations
And see their value ten times magnified?
Methinks 't will brook a question.

The Miseries of Enforced Marriage.

LOUIS XI.* of France, though the sovereign in Europe who was fondest and most jealous of power, desired only its substantial enjoyment; and though he knew well enough, and at times exacted strictly, the observances due to his rank, was in general singularly careless of show.

In a prince of better qualities, the familiarity with which he invited subjects to his board—nay, occasionally sate at theirs,—must have been highly popular; and even such as he was, the King's homeliness of manners atoned for many of his vices with that class of his subjects who were not particularly exposed to their consequences. The *tiers-état*, or commons of France, who rose to more opulence and consequence under the reign of this sagacious prince, respected his person, though they loved him not: and it was resting on their support that he was enabled to make his party good against the hatred of the nobles, who conceived that he diminished the honour of the French crown, and obscured their own splendid privileges, by the very neglect of form which gratified the citizens and commons.

With patience, which most other princes would have considered as degrading, and not without a sense of amusement, the Monarch of France waited till his life-guard's-man had satisfied the keenness of a youthful appetite: it may be supposed, however, that Quentin had too much sense and prudence to put the royal patience to a long or tedious proof, and indeed he was repeatedly desirous to break off his repast ere Louis would permit him: « I see it in thine eye, » he said, « that thy courage is not half abated. Go on—God and Saint Dennis!—charge again. I tell thee that meat and

mass (crossing himself) never hindered the work of a good Christian man. Take a cup of wine; but mind thou be cautious of the wine-pot—it is the vice of thy countrymen as well as of the English, who, lacking that folly, are the choicest soldiers ever wore armour. And now wash speedily—forget not thy *benedicite*, and follow me.”

Quentin obeyed, and, conducted by a different, but as maze-like an approach as he had formerly passed, he followed Louis into the Hall of Roland.

“Take notice,” said the King imperatively, “thou hast never left this post—let that be thine answer to thy kinsman and comrades—and, hark thee, to bind the recollection on thy memory, I give thee this gold chain (flinging on his arm one of considerable value). If I go not brave myself, those whom I trust have ever the means to ruffle it with the best. But, when such chains as these bind not the tongue from wagging too freely, my gossip, L’Hermite, hath an amulet for the throat, which never fails to work a certain cure. And now attend.—No man, save Oliver or I myself, enters here this evening; but ladies will come hither, perhaps from the one extremity of the hall, perhaps from the other, perhaps from both. You may answer if they address you, but, being on your duty, your answer must be brief; and you must neither address them in your turn, nor engage

in any prolonged discourse. But hearken to what they say. Thine ears, as well as thy hands, are mine—I have bought thee body and soul. Therefore, if thou hearest aught of their conversation, thou must retain it in memory until it is communicated to me, and then forget it.—And, now I think better on it, it will be best that thou pass for a Scottish recruit, who hath come straight down from his mountains, and hath not yet acquired our most Christian language.—Right—So, if they speak to thee, thou wilt *not* answer—this will free you from embarrassment, and lead them to converse without regard to your presence. You understand me.—Farewell. Be wary, and thou hast a friend.”

The King had scarce spoken these words ere he disappeared behind the arras, leaving Quentin to meditate on what he had seen and heard. The youth was in one of those situations from which it is pleasanter to look forward than to look back; for the reflection that he had been planted, like a marksman in a thicket who watches for a stag, to take the life of the noble Count of Crevecœur, had in it nothing ennobling. It was very true that the King's measures seemed on this occasion merely cautionary and defensive; but how did he know but he might be soon commanded on some offensive operation of the same kind. This would be an unpleasing crisis, since it

was plain, from the character of his master, that there would be destruction in refusing, while his honour told him there would be disgrace in complying. He turned his thoughts from this subject of reflection, with the sage consolation so often adopted by youth when prospective dangers intrude themselves on their mind, that it was time enough to think what was to be done when the emergence actually arrived, and that sufficient for the day was the evil thereof.

Quentin made use of this sedative reflection the more easily, that the last commands of the King had given him something more agreeable to think of than his own condition. The Lady of the lute was certainly one of those to whom his attention was to be dedicated; and well in his mind did he promise to obey one part of the King's mandate, and listen with diligence to every word that might drop from her lips, that he might know if the magic of her conversation equalled that of her music. But with as much sincerity did he swear to himself, that no part of her discourse should be reported by him to the King, which might affect the fair speaker otherwise than favourably.

Meantime, there was no fear of his again slumbering on his post. Each passing breath of wind, which, finding its way through the open lattice, waved the old arras, sounded like the approach of the fair object of his expec-

tation. He felt, in short, all that mysterious anxiety, and eagerness of expectation, which is always the companion of love, and sometimes hath a considerable share in creating it.

At length, a door actually creaked and jingled (for the doors even of palaces did not in the fifteenth century turn on their hinges so noiseless as ours); but, alas! it was not at that end of the hall from which the lute had been heard. It opened, however, and a female figure entered, followed by two others, whom she directed by a sign to remain without, while she herself came forward into the hall. By her imperfect and unequal gait, which showed to peculiar disadvantage as she traversed this long gallery, Quentin at once recognized the princess Joan, and, with the respect which became his situation, drew himself up in a fitting attitude of silent vigilance, and lowered his weapon to her as she passed. She acknowledged the courtesy by a gracious inclination of her head, and he had an opportunity of seeing her countenance more distinctly than he had in the morning.

There was little in the features of this ill-fated princess to atone for the misfortune of her shape and gait. Her face was, indeed, by no means disagreeable in itself, though destitute of beauty; and there was a meek expression of suffering patience in her large blue eyes, which were commonly fixed upon the

ground. But besides that she was extremely pallid in complexion, her skin had the yellowish discoloured tinge which accompanies habitual bad health; and though her teeth were white and regular, her lips were thin and pale. The princess had a profusion of flaxen hair, but it was so light-coloured, as to be almost of a bluish tinge; and her tire-woman, who doubtless considered the luxuriance of her mistress's tresses as a beauty, had not greatly improved matters, by arranging them in curls around her pale countenance, to which they gave an expression almost unearthly. To make matters still worse, she had chosen a vest or cymar of a pale green silk, which gave her, on the whole, a ghastly and even spectral appearance.

While Quentin followed this singular apparition with eyes in which curiosity was blended with compassion, for every look and motion of the princess seemed to call for the latter feeling, two ladies entered from the upper end of the apartment.

One of these was the young person, who, upon Louis's summons, had served him with fruit, while Quentin made his memorable breakfast at the Fleur-de-Lys. Invested now with all the mysterious dignity belonging to the nymph of the veil and lute, and proved, besides (at least in Quentin's estimation), to be the high-born heiress of a rich earldom, her

beauty made ten times the impression upon him which it had done when he beheld in her one whom he deemed the daughter of a paltry innkeeper, in attendance upon a rich and humorous old burgher. He now wondered what fascination could ever have concealed from him her real character. Yet her dress was nearly as simple as before, being a suit of deep mourning, without any ornaments. Her head-dress was only a veil of crape, which was entirely thrown back, so as to leave her face discovered; and it was only Quentin's knowledge of her actual rank, which gave in his estimation new elegance to her beautiful shape, a dignity to her step which had before remained unnoticed, and to her regular features, brilliant complexion, and dazzling eyes, an air of conscious nobleness, that enhanced their beauty.

Had death been the penalty, Durward must needs have rendered to this beauty and her companion the same homage which he had just paid to the royalty of the princess. They received it as those who were accustomed to the deference of inferiors, and returned it with courtesy; but he thought—perhaps it was but a youthful vision—that the young lady coloured slightly, kept her eyes on the ground, and seemed embarrassed, though in a trifling degree, as she returned his military salutation. This must have been owing to her

recollection of the audacious stranger in the neighbouring turret at the Fleur-de-Lys; but did that discomposure express displeasure? This question he had no means to determine.

The companion of the youthful countess, dressed like herself simply, and in deep mourning, was at the age when women are apt to cling most closely to that reputation for beauty which has for years been diminishing. She had still remains enough to show what the power of her charms must once have been, and, remembering past triumphs, it was evident from her manner that she had not relinquished the pretensions to future conquests. She was tall and graceful, though somewhat haughty in her deportment, and returned the salute of Quentin with a smile of gracious condescension, whispering, the next instant, something into her companion's ear, who turned towards the soldier, as if to comply with some hint from the elder lady, but answered, nevertheless, without raising her eyes. Quentin could not help suspecting that the observation called on the young lady to notice his own good mien; and he was (I do not know why) pleased with the idea, that the party referred to did not chuse to look at him, in order to verify with her own eyes the truth of the observation. Probably he thought there was already a sort of mysterious connexion begin-

ning to exist between them, which gave importance to the slightest trifle.

This reflection was momentary, for he was instantly wrapped up in attention to the meeting of the princess with these stranger ladies. She had stood still upon their entrance, in order to receive them, conscious, perhaps, that motion did not become her well; and as she was somewhat embarrassed in receiving and repaying their compliments, the elder stranger, ignorant of the rank of the party whom she addressed, was led to pay her salutation in a manner, rather as if she conferred than received an honour through the interview.

« I rejoice, madam, » she said, with a smile, which was meant to express condescension at once and encouragement, « that we are at length permitted the society of such a respectable person of our own sex as you appear to be. I must say, that my niece and I have had but little for which to thank the hospitality of King Louis.—Nay, niece, never pluck my sleeve—I am sure I read in the looks of this young lady, sympathy for our situation.—Since we came hither, fair madam, we have been used little better than mere prisoners, and after a thousand invitations to throw our cause and our persons under the protection of France, the most Christian King has afforded us but a base inn for our residence, and now a

corner of this moth-eaten palace, out of which we are only permitted to creep towards sunset, as if we were bats or owls, whose appearance in the sunshine is to be held matter of ill omen."

"I am sorry," said the princess, faltering with the awkward embarrassment of the interview, "that we have been unable, hitherto, to receive you according to your deserts.—Your niece, I trust, is better satisfied."

"Much—much better than I can express," answered the youthful countess.—"I sought but safety, and I have found solitude and secrecy besides. The seclusion of our former residence, and the still greater solitude of that now assigned to us, augment, in my eyes, the favour which the King vouchsafed to us unfortunate fugitives."

"Silence, my silly cousin," said the elderly lady, "and let us speak according to our conscience, since at last we are alone with one of our own sex—I say alone, for that handsome young soldier is a mere statue, since he seems not to have the use of his limbs, and I am given to understand he wants that of his tongue, at least in civilized language—I say, since no one but this lady can understand us, I must own there is nothing I have regretted equal to taking this French journey. I looked for a splendid reception, tournaments, carousals, pageants, and festivals; and, instead of which,

all has been seclusion and obscurity! and the best society whom the King introduced to us was a Bohemian vagabond, by whom he directed us to correspond with our friends in Flanders.—Perhaps,” said the lady, “it is his politic intention to mew us up here until our lives’ end, that he may seize on our estates, on the extinction of the ancient house of Croye. The Duke of Burgundy was not so cruel; he offered my niece a husband, though he was a bad one.”

“I should have thought the veil preferable to an evil husband,” said the princess, with difficulty finding opportunity to interpose a word.

“One would at least wish to have the choice, madam,” replied the voluble dame. “It is, Heaven knows, on account of my niece that I speak; for myself, I have long laid aside thoughts of changing my condition. I see you smile, but by my halidome, it is true—yet that is no excuse for the King, whose conduct, like his person, hath more resemblance to that of old Michaud, the money-changer of Ghent, than to the successor of Charlemagne.”

“Hold!” said the princess; “remember you speak of my father.”

“Of your father!” replied the Burgundian lady, in surprise.

“Of my father,” repeated the princess, with dignity. “I am Joan of France.—But fear

not, madam," she continued, in the gentle tone which was natural to her, "you designed no offence, and I have taken none. Command my influence to render your exile, and that of this interesting young person, more supportable. Alas! it is but little I have in my power; but it is willingly offered."

Deep and submissive was the reverence with which the Countess Hameline de Croye, so was the elder lady called, received the obliging offer of the princess's protection. She had been long the inhabitant of courts, was mistress of the manners which are there acquired, and held firmly the established rule of courtiers of all ages, who, although their usual private conversation turns upon the vices and follies of their patrons, and on the injuries and neglect which they themselves have sustained, never suffer such hints to drop from them in presence of the sovereign or those of his family. The lady was, therefore, scandalized to the last degree at the mistake which had induced her to speak so indecorously in presence of the daughter of Louis. She would have exhausted herself in expressing regret and making apologies, had she not been put to silence and restored to equanimity by the princess, who requested, in the most gentle manner, yet which, from a Daughter of France, had the weight of a command, that no more

might be said in the way either of excuse or of explanation.

The Princess Joan then took her own chair with a dignity which became her, and compelled the two strangers to sit, one on either hand, to which the younger consented with unfeigned and respectful diffidence, and the elder with an affectation of deep humility and respect, which was intended for such. They spoke together, but in such a low tone, that the sentinel could not overhear their discourse, and only remarked, that the princess seemed to bestow much of her regard on the younger and more interesting lady; and that the Countess Hameline, though speaking a great deal more, attracted less of the princess's attention by her full flow of conversation and compliment, than did her kinswoman by her brief and modest replies to what was addressed to her.

The conversation of the ladies had not lasted a quarter of an hour, when the door at the lower end of the hall opened, and a man entered shrouded in a riding-cloak. Mindful of the King's injunction, and determined not to be a second time caught slumbering, Quentin instantly moved towards the intruder, and, interposing between him and the ladies, requested him to retire instantly.

« By whose command?» said the stranger, in a tone of contemptuous surprise.

“By that of the King,” said Quentin, firmly, “which I am placed here to enforce.”

“Not against Louis of Orleans,” said the duke, dropping his cloak.

The young man hesitated a moment; but how enforce his orders against the first prince of the blood, about to be allied, as the report now generally went, with the King’s own family?

“Your highness’s pleasure,” he said, “is too great to be withstood by me. I trust your highness will bear me witness that I have done the duty of my post, so far as your will permitted.”

“Go to—you shall have no blame, young soldier,” said Orleans; and, passing forwards, paid his compliments to the princess, with that air of constraint which always marked his courtesy when addressing her.

“He had been dining,” he said, “with Dunnois, and understanding there was society in Roland’s Gallery, he had ventured on the freedom of adding one to the number.”

The colour which mounted into the pale cheek of the unfortunate Joan, and which for the moment spread something of beauty over her features, evinced that this addition to the company was any thing but indifferent to her. She hastened to present the prince to the two ladies of Croye, who received him with the respect due to his eminent rank, and the prin-

cess, pointing to a chair, requested him to join their conversation party.

The duke declined the freedom of assuming a seat in such society; but taking a cushion from one of the settles, he laid it at the feet of the beautiful young Countess of Croye, and so seated himself, that, without appearing to neglect the princess, he was enabled to bestow the greater share of his attention on her beautiful neighbour.

At first, it seemed as if this arrangement rather pleased than offended his destined bride. She encouraged the duke in his gallantries towards the fair stranger, and seemed to regard them as complimentary to herself. But the Duke of Orleans, though accustomed to subject his mind to the stern yoke of his uncle when in the King's presence, had enough of princely nature to induce him to follow his own inclinations whenever that restraint was withdrawn; and his high rank giving him a right to overstep the ordinary ceremonies, and advance at once to familiarity, his praises of the Countess Isabelle's beauty became so energetic, and flowed with such unrestrained freedom, owing perhaps to his having drunk a little more wine than usual—for Dunois was no enemy to the worship of Bacchus—that at length he seemed almost impassioned, and the presence of the princess appeared well nigh forgotten.

The tone of compliment which he indulged was grateful only to one individual in the circle; for the Countess Hameline already anticipated the dignity of an alliance with the first prince of the blood, by means of her whose birth, beauty, and large possessions, rendered such an ambitious consummation by no means impossible, even in the eyes of a less sanguine projector, could the views of Louis XI. have been left out of the calculation of chances. The younger countess listened to the duke's gallantries with anxiety and embarrassment, and ever and anon turned an entreating look towards the princess, as if requesting her to come to her relief. But the wounded feelings, and the timidity of Joan of France, rendered her incapable of an effort to make the conversation more general; and at length, excepting a few interjectional civilities of the Lady Hameline, it was maintained almost exclusively by the duke himself, though at the expense of the younger Countess of Croye, whose beauty formed the theme of his high-flown eloquence.

Nor must I forget that there was a third person, the unregarded sentinel, who saw his fair visions melt away like wax before the sun, as the duke persevered in the warm tenor of his passionate discourse. At length the Countess Isabelle de Croye made a determined effort to cut short what was becoming intolerably dis-

agreeable to her, especially from the pain to which the conduct of the duke was apparently subjecting the princess.

Addressing the latter, she said, modestly, but with some firmness, that the first boon she had to claim from her promised protection was, «that her highness would undertake to convince the Duke of Orleans, that the ladies of Burgundy, though inferior in wit and manners to those of France, were not such absolute fools, as to be pleased with no other conversation than that of extravagant compliment.»

«I grieve, lady,» said the duke, preventing the princess's answer, «that you will satirize, in the same sentence, the beauty of the dames of Burgundy, and the sincerity of the knights of France. If we are hasty and extravagant in the expression of our admiration, it is because we love as we fight, without letting cold deliberation come into our bosoms, and surrender to the fair with the same rapidity with which we defeat the valiant.»

«The beauty of our countrywomen,» said the young countess, with more of reproof than she had yet ventured to use towards the high-born suitor, «is as unfit to claim such triumphs, as the valour of the men of Burgundy is incapable of yielding them.»

«I respect your patriotism, countess,» said the duke; «and the last branch of your theme shall not be impugned by me, till a Burgundian knight shall offer to sustain it with lance in

rest. But for the injustice which you have done to the charms which your land produces, I appeal from yourself to yourself.—Look there,” he said, pointing to a large mirror, the gift of the Venetian republic, and then of the highest rarity and value, “and tell me, as you look, what is the heart that can resist the charms there represented?”

The princess, unable to sustain any longer the neglect of her lover, here sunk backwards on her chair, with a sigh, which at once recalled the duke from the land of romance, and induced the Lady Hameline to ask whether her highness found herself ill.

“A sudden pain shot through my forehead,” said the princess, attempting to smile; “but I will be presently better.”

Her increasing paleness contradicted her words, and induced the Lady Hameline to call for assistance, as the princess was about to faint.

The duke, biting his lip, and cursing the folly which could not keep guard over his tongue, ran to summon the princess’s attendants, who were in the next chamber, and when they came hastily, with the usual remedies, he could not but, as a cavalier and gentleman, give assistance to support and to recover her. His voice, rendered almost tender by pity and self-reproach, was the most powerful means of recalling her to herself, and just as the swoon was passing away, the King himself entered the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

THE POLITICIAN.

This is a lecturer so skill'd in policy,
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)
He well might read a lesson to the devil,
And teach the old seducer new temptations.

Old Play.

As Louis entered the gallery, he bent his brows in the manner we have formerly described as peculiar to him, and sent from under his gathered and gloomy eye-brows, a keen look on all around; in darting which, as Quentin afterwards declared, his eyes seemed to turn so small, so fierce, and so piercing as to resemble those of an aroused adder looking through the bush of heath in which he lies coiled.

When, by this momentary and sharpened glance, the King had reconnoitred the cause of the bustle which was in the apartment, his first address was to the Duke of Orleans.

«You here, my fair cousin?» he said;—and,

turning to Quentin, added, sternly, "Had you not charge?"

"Forgive the young man, Sire," said the duke; "he did not neglect his duty; but I was informed that the princess was in this gallery."

"And I warrant you would not be withstood when you came hither to pay your court," said the King, whose detestable hypocrisy persisted in representing the duke as participating in a passion which was felt only on the side of his unhappy daughter; "and it is thus you debauch the sentinels of my guard, young man?— But what cannot be pardoned to a gallant who lives *par amours*!"

The Duke of Orleans raised his head, as if about to reply, in some manner which might correct to opinion conveyed in the King's observation; but the instinctive reverence, not to say fear, of Louis, in which he had been bred from childhood, chained up his voice.

"And Joan hath been ill?" said the King; "but do not be grieved, Louis; it will soon pass away; lend her your arm to her apartment, while I will conduct these strange ladies to theirs."

The order was given in a tone which amounted to a command, and Orleans accordingly made his exit with the princess at one extremity of the gallery, while the King, ungloving his right hand, courteously handed the Countess Isabelle and her kinswoman to their apartment,

which opened from the other. He bowed profoundly as they entered, and remained standing on the threshold for a minute after they had disappeared; then, with great composure, shut the door by which they had retired, and turning the huge key, took it from the lock and put it into his girdle,—an appendage which gave him still more perfectly the air of some old miser, who cannot journey in comfort unless he bear with him the key of his treasure-chest.

With slow and pensive pace, and eyes fixed on the ground, Louis now paced towards Quentin Durward, who, expecting his share of the royal displeasure, viewed his approach with no little anxiety.

“Thou hast done wrong,” said the King, raising his eyes, and fixing them firmly on him when he had come within a yard of him,—“thou hast done foul wrong, and deservest to die.—Speak not a word in defence!—What hadst thou to do with dukes or princesses?—what with *any* thing but my order?”

“So please your Majesty,” said the young soldier, “what could I do?”

“What couldst thou do when thy post was forcibly passed?” answered the King, scornfully.—“What is the use of that weapon on thy shoulder?—Thou shouldst have levelled thy piece, and if the presumptuous rebel did not retire on the instant, he should have died

within this very hall! Go—pass into these farther apartments. In the first thou wilt find a large staircase, which leads to the inner bailey; there thou wilt find Oliver Dain. Send him to me—do thou begone to thy quarters.—As thou dost value thy life, be not so loose of thy tongue as thou hast been this day slack of thy hand.»

Well pleased to escape so easily, yet with a soul which revolted at the cold-blooded cruelty which the King seemed to require from him in the execution of his duty, Durward took the road indicated, hastened down stairs, and communicated the royal pleasure to Oliver, who was waiting in the court beneath. The wily tonsor bowed, sighed, and smiled, as, with a voice even softer than ordinary, he wished the youth a good evening, and they parted, Quentin to his quarters, and Oliver to attend the King.

In this place, the Memoirs which we have chiefly followed in compiling this true history, were unhappily defective; for, founded chiefly on information supplied by Quentin, they conveyed no information concerning the dialogue which, in his absence, took place between the King and his secret counsellor. Fortunately, the Library of Hautlieu contained a manuscript copy of the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of Jean de Troyes, much more full than that which has been printed; to which are added

several curious memoranda, which we incline to think were written down by Oliver himself after the death of his master, and before he had the happiness to be rewarded with the halter which he had so long merited. From this we have been able to extract a very full account of his conversation with Louis upon the present occasion, which throws a light upon the policy of that Prince, which we might otherwise have sought for in vain.

When the favourite attendant entered the Gallery of Roland, he found the King pensively seated upon the chair which his daughter had left some minutes before. Well acquainted with his temper, he glided on with his noiseless step until he had just crossed the line of the King's sight, so as to make him aware of his presence, then shrank modestly backward and out of sight until he should be summoned to speak or to listen. The Monarch's first address was an unpleasant one:—“So, Oliver, your fine schemes are melting like snow before the south wind!—I pray to our Lady of Embrun that they resemble not the ice-heaps of which the Switzer churls tell such stories, and come rushing down upon our heads.”

“I have heard with concern that all is not well, Sire,” answered Oliver.

“Not well!” exclaimed the King, rising and hastily marching up and down the gallery,—“All is ill, man—and as ill nearly as possible;

—so much for thy fond romantic advice, that I, of all men, should become a protector of distressed damsels! I tell thee Burgundy is arming, and on the eve of closing an alliance with England. And Edward, who hath his hands idle at home, will pour his thousands upon us through that unhappy gate of Calais. Singly, I might cajole or defy them; but united, united—and with the discontent and treachery of that villain Saint Paul!—All thy fault, Oliver, who counselled me to receive the women, and to use the services of that damned Bohemian to carry messages to their vassals.”

“My lord,” said Oliver, “you know my reasons. The countess’s domains lie between the frontiers of Burgundy and Flanders—her castle is almost impregnable—her rights over neighbouring estates are such as, if well supported, cannot but give much annoyance to Burgundy, were the lady but wedded to one who should be friendly to France.”

“It is, it is a tempting bait,” said the King; “and could we have concealed her being here, we might have arranged such a marriage for this rich heiress.—But that cursed Bohemian, how couldst thou recommend such a heathen hound for a commission which required trust?”

“Please you,” said Oliver, “to remember, it was your Grace’s self who trusted him too far—much farther than I recommended. He would have borne a letter trustily enough to

the countess's kinsman, telling him to hold out her castle, and promising speedy relief; but your Highness must needs put his prophetic powers to the test; and thus he became possessed of secrets which were worth betraying."

"I am ashamed, I am ashamed,"—said Louis. "And yet, Oliver, they say that these heathen people are descended from the sage Chaldeans, who did read the mysteries of the stars in the plains of Shinar."

Well aware that his master, with all his acuteness and sagacity, was the more prone to be deceived by soothsayers, astrologers, diviners, and all that race of pretenders to occult science, that he conceived himself to have some skill in these arts, Oliver dared to press this point no farther; and only observed that the Bohemian had been a bad prophet on his own account, else he would have avoided returning to Tours, and saved himself from the gallows he had merited.

"It often happens that those who are gifted with prophetic knowledge," answered Louis, with much gravity, "have not the power of foreseeing those events in which they themselves are personally interested."

"Under your Majesty's favour," replied the confidant, "that seems as if a man could not see his own hand by means of the candle which he holds, and which shows him every other object in the apartment."

“He cannot see his own features by the light which shows the faces of others,” replied Louis; “and that is the more faithful illustration of the case.—But this is foreign to my purpose at present. The Bohemian hath had his reward, and peace be with him.—But these ladies—Not only does Burgundy threaten us with war for harbouring them, but their presence is like to interfere with my projects in my own family. My simple cousin of Orleans hath seen this damsel, and I prophesy that the sight of her is like to make him less pliable in the matter of his alliance with Joan.”

“Your Majesty,” answered the counsellor, “may send the ladies of Croye back to Burgundy, and so make your peace with the duke. Many might murmur at this as dishonourable; but if necessity demands the sacrifice——”

“If profit demanded the sacrifice, Oliver, the sacrifice should be made without hesitation,” answered the King. “I am an old experienced salmon, and use not to gulp the angler’s hook because it is busked up with a feather called honour. But, what is worse than a lack of honour, there were, in returning those ladies to Burgundy, a forfeiture of those views of advantage which moved us to give them an asylum. It were heart-breaking to renounce the opportunity of planting a friend to ourselves, and an enemy to Burgundy, in the very centre of his dominions, and so near to the

discontented cities of Flanders. Oliver, I cannot relinquish the advantages which our scheme of marrying the maiden to a friend of our own house seems to hold out to us."

"Your Majesty," said Oliver, after a moment's thought, "might confer her hand on some right trusty friend, who would take all blame on himself, and serve your Majesty secretly, while in public you might disown him."

"And where am I to find such a friend?" said Louis. "Were I to bestow her upon any one of our mutinous and ill-ruled nobles, would it not be rendering him independent? and hath it not been my policy for years to prevent them from becoming so?—Dunois indeed—him, and him only, I might perchance trust.—He would fight for the crown of France, whatever were his condition. But honours and wealth change men's natures—Even Dunois I will not trust."

"Your Majesty may find others," said Oliver, in his smoothest manner, and in a tone more insinuating than that which he usually employed in conversing with the King, who permitted him considerable freedom; "men dependent entirely on your own grace and favour, and who could no more exist without your countenance than without sun or air—men rather of head than of action—men who——"

"Men who resemble thyself, ha!" said King Louis.—"No, Oliver, by my faith that arrow wea rashly shot.—What, because I indulge thee

with my confidence, and let thee, in reward, poll my lieges a little now and then, doest thou think it makes thee fit to be the husband of that beautiful vision, and a count of the highest class to the boot? thee—thee, I say, low-born and lower bred; whose wisdom is at best a sort of cunning, and whose courage is more than doubtful?»

«Your Majesty imputes to me a presumption of which I am not guilty,” said Oliver.

«I am glad to hear it, man,” replied the King; «and truly, I hold your judgment the healthier that you disown such a reverie. But methinks thy speech sounded strangely in that key.—Well, to return.—I dare not wed this beauty to one of my subjects—I dare not return her to Burgundy—I dare not transmit her to England, or to Germany, where she is likely to become the prize of one more likely to unite with Burgundy than with France, and who would be more ready to discourage the honest malcontents in Ghent and Liege, than to yield them that wholesome countenance which might always find Charles the Hardy enough to exercise his valour on, without stirring from his own domains—and they were in so ripe a humour for insurrection, the men of Liege in special, that they alone, well heated and supported, would find my fair cousin work for more than a twelvemonth;—and backed by a warlike Count of Croye,—O, Oliver! the plan is too

hopeful to be resigned without a struggle.—
Cannot thy fertile brain devise some scheme?”

Oliver paused for a long time—then at last replied, “What if a bridal could be accomplished betwixt Isabelle of Croye, and young Adolphus, the Duke of Gueldres?”

“What!” said the King, in astonishment; “sacrifice her, and she, too, so lovely a creature, to the furious wretch who deposed, imprisoned, and has often threatened to murder, his own father!—No, Oliver, no—that were too unutterably cruel even for you and me, who look so stedfastly to our excellent end, the peace and the welfare of France, and respect so little the means by which it is attained. Besides, he lies distant from us, and is detested by the people of Ghent and Liege.—No, no—I will none of Adolphus of Gueldres—think on some one else.”

“My invention is exhausted, Sire,” said the counsellor; “I can remember no one who, as husband to the Countess of Croye, would be likely to answer your Majesty’s views. He must unite such various qualities—a friend to your Majesty—an enemy to Burgundy—of policy enough to conciliate the Gauntois and Liegeois, and of valour sufficient to defend his little dominions against the power of Duke Charles—Of noble birth besides—that your Highness insists upon; and of excellent and most virtuous character, to the boot of all.”

«Nay, Oliver,» said the King, «I leaned not so much—that is so *very* much on character; but methinks Isabelle's bridegroom should be something less publicly and generally abhorred than Adolphus of Gueldres.—For example, since I myself must suggest some one,—why not Willam de la Marck?»

«On my halidome, Sire,» said Oliver, «I cannot complain of your demanding too high a standard of moral excellence in the happy man, if the Wild Boar of Ardennes can serve your turn. De la Marck!—why, he is the most notorious robber and murderer on all the frontiers—excommunicated by the Pope for a thousand crimes.»

«We will have him relaxed, friend Oliver—Holy Church is merciful.»

«Almost an outlaw,» continued Oliver, «and under the ban of the Empire, by an ordinance of the chamber at Ratisbon.»

«We will have the ban taken off, friend Oliver,» continued the King, in the same tone; «the imperial chamber will hear reason.»

«And admitting him to be of noble birth,» said Oliver, «he hath the manners, the face, and the outward form, as well as the heart, of a Flemish butcher—She will never accept of him.»

«His mode of wooing, if I mistake him not,» said Louis, «will render it difficult for her to make a choice.»

« I was far wrong indeed, when I taxed your Majesty with being over scrupulous, » said the counsellor. « On my life, the crimes of Adolphus are but virtues to those of De la Marck! —And then how is he to meet with his bride? —Your Majesty knows he dare not stir far from his own forest of Ardennes. »

« That must be cared for, » said the King; « and, in the first place, the two ladies must be acquainted privately that they can be no longer maintained at this court, excepting at the expense of a war between France and Burgundy, and that, unwilling to deliver them up to my fair cousin of Burgundy, I am desirous they should secretly depart from my dominions. »

« They will demand to be conveyed to England, » said Oliver; « and we will have her return with an island lord, with a round fair face, long brown hair, and three thousand archers at his back. »

« No—no, » replied the King; « we dare not (you understand me) so far offend our fair cousin of Burgundy as to let her pass to England—It would bring his displeasure as certainly as our maintaining her here. No, no—to the safety of the Church alone we will venture to commit her; and the utmost we can do is to connive at the ladies Hameline and Isabelle de Croye departing in disguise, and with a small retinue, to take refuge with the Bishop of Liege, who will place the fair Isa-

belle, for the time, under the safeguard of a convent.»

« And if that convent protect her from William de la Marck, when he knows of your Majesty's favourable intentions, I have mistaken the man.»

« Why, yes, » answered the King, « thanks to our secret supplies of money, De la Marck hath together a handsome handful of as unscrupulous soldiery as ever were outlawed; with which he contrives to maintain himself among the woods, in such a condition as makes him formidable both to the duke and Bishop of Liege. He lacks nothing but some territory which he may call his own, and this being so fair an opportunity to establish himself by marriage, I think that, *Pasques-Dieu*, he will find means to win and wed, without more than a hint on our part. The Duke of Burgundy will then have such a thorn in his side, as no lancet of our time will easily cut out from him. The Boar of Ardennes, whom he has already outlawed, strengthened by the possession of that fair lady's lands, castles, and seignorie, with the discontented Liegeois to boot, who, by my faith, will not be in that case unwilling to chuse him for their captain and leader—let him then think of wars with France when he will, or rather let him bless his stars if she war not with him—How dost like the scheme, Oliver, ha? »

« Rarely, » said Oliver, « save and except the doom which confers that lady on the Wild Boar of Ardennes.—By my halidome, saving in a little outward show of gallantry, Tristan, the provost-marshal, were the more proper bridegroom of the two. »

« Anon thou didst propose Master Oliver the barber, » said Louis; « but friend Oliver and gossip Tristan, excellent men in the way of counsel and execution, are not the stuff that men make counts of. Know you not that the burghers of Flanders value birth in other men, precisely because they want it themselves?—A plebeian mob ever desire an aristocratic leader. Yonder Ked, or Cade, or—how called they him?—in England, was fain to lure his rascal rout after him, by pretending to the blood of the Mortimers. William de la Marck comes of the blood of the princes of Sedan.—And now to business. I must determine the ladies of Croye to a speedy and secret flight, under sure guidance. This will be easily done—we have but to hint the alternative of surrendering them to Burgundy. Thou must find means to let William de la Marck know of their motions, and let him chuse his own time and place to push his suit. I know a fit person to travel with them. »

« May I ask to whom your Majesty commits such an important charge? » asked the tonsor.

« To a foreigner, be sure, » replied the King,

“one who has neither kin nor interest in France, to interfere with the execution of my pleasure; and who knows too little of the country, and its factions, to suspect more of my purpose than I chuse to tell him—In a word, I design to employ the young Scot who sent you hither but now.”

Oliver paused, in a manner which seemed to imply a doubt of the prudence of the choice, and then added, “Your Majesty has reposed confidence in that stranger boy earlier than is your wont.”

“I have my reasons,” answered the King.—“Thou knowest (and he crossed himself) my devotion for the blessed Saint Julian. I had been saying my orisons to that holy saint late in the night before last, and I made it my humble petition that he would augment my household with such wandering foreigners, as might best establish throughout our kingdom unlimited devotion to our will; and I vowed to the good saint in guerdon, that I would, in his name, receive, and relieve, and maintain them.”

“And did Saint Julian,” said Oliver, “send your Majesty this long-legged importation from Scotland in answer to your prayers?”

Although the barber, who well knew that his master had superstition in a large proportion to his want of religion, and that on such topics nothing was more easy than to offend him—

although, I say, he knew the royal weakness, and therefore carefully put the preceding question in the softest and most simple tone of voice, Louis felt the inuendo which it contained, and regarded the speaker with high displeasure.

“Sirrah,” he said, “thou art well called Oliver the Devil, who dares thus to sport at once with thy master and with the blessed Saints. I tell thee, wert thou a grain less necessary to me, I would have thee hung up on yonder oak before the castle, as an example to all who scoff at things holy!—Know, thou infidel slave, that mine eyes were no sooner closed, than the blessed Saint Julian was visible to me, leading a young man, whom he presented to me, saying, that his fortune should be to escape the sword, the cord, the river, and to bring good fortune to the side which he should espouse, and to the adventures in which he should be engaged. I walked out on the succeeding morning, and I met with this youth. In his own country he hath escaped the sword, amid the massacre of his whole family, and here, within the brief compass of two days, he hath been strangely rescued from drowning and from the gallows, and hath already, on a particular occasion, as I but lately hinted to thee, been of the most material service to me. I receive him as sent hither by Saint Julian, to serve me in the most difficult, the

most dangerous, and even the most desperate services."

The King, as he thus expressed himself, doffed his hat, and selecting from the numerous little leaden figures, with which the hatband was garnished, that which represented Saint Julian, he placed it on the table, as was often his wont, when some peculiar feeling of hope, or perhaps of remorse, happened to thrill across his mind, and, kneeling down before it, muttered, with an appearance of profound devotion, "*Sancte Juliane, adsis precibus nostris! Ora, ora, pro nobis!*"

This was one of those ague-fits of superstitious devotion which often seized on Louis in such extraordinary times and places, that they gave one of the most sagacious monarchs who ever reigned the appearance of a madman, or at least of one whose mind was shaken by some deep consciousness of guilt.

While he was thus employed, his favourite looked at him with an expression of sarcastic contempt, which he scarce attempted to disguise. Indeed it was one of this man's peculiarities, that in his whole intercourse with his master, he laid aside that fondling, purring affectation of officiousness and humility, which distinguished his conduct to others; and if he still bore some resemblance to a cat, it was when the animal is on its guard,—watchful, animated, and alert for sudden exertion. The cause of this change was probably Oliver's

consciousness, that his master was himself too profound a hypocrite not to see through the hypocrisy of others.

«The features of this youth, then, if I may presume to speak,» said Oliver, «resemble those of him whom your dream exhibited?»

«Closely and intimately,» said the King, whose imagination, like that of superstitious people in general, readily imposed upon itself — «I have had his horoscope cast, besides, by Galeotti Martivalle, and I have plainly learned, through his art and mine own observation, that, in many respects, this unfriended youth hath his destiny under the same constellation with mine.»

Whatever Oliver might think of the causes thus boldly assigned for the preference of an inexperienced stripling, he dared make no farther objections, well knowing that Louis, who, while residing in exile, had bestowed much of his attention on the supposed science of astrology, would listen to no raillery of any kind which impeached his skill. He therefore only replied, that he trusted the youth would prove faithful in the discharge of a task so delicate.

«We will take care he hath no opportunity to be otherwise,» said Louis; «for he shall be privy to nothing, save that he is sent to escort the ladies of Croye to the residence of the Bishop of Liege. Of the probable interference

of William de la Marck, he shall know as little as they themselves. None shall know that secret saving the guide; and Tristan or thou must find one fit for our purpose.”

“But, in that case,” said Oliver, “judging of him from his country and his appearance, the young man is like to stand to his arms so soon as the Wild Boar comes on them, and may not come off so easily from the tusks as he did this morning.”

“If they rend his heart-strings,” said Louis, composedly, “Saint Julian, blessed be his name, can send me another in his stead. It skills as little that the messenger is slain after his duty is executed, as that the flask is broken when the wine is drunk out.—Meanwhile, we must expedite the ladies’ departure, and then persuade the Count de Crevecœur that it has taken place without our connivance, we having been desirous to restore them to the custody of our fair cousin; which their sudden departure has unhappily prevented.”

“The count is perhaps too wise, and his master too prejudiced, to believe it.”

“Holy Mother!” said Louis, “what unbelief would that be in Christian men! But, Oliver, they *shall* believe us. We will throw into our whole conduct towards our fair cousin, Duke Charles, such thorough and unlimited confidence, that, not to believe we have been sincere with him in every respect, he must be worse than an infidel. I tell

thee, so convinced am I that I could make Charles of Burgundy think of me in every respect as I would have him, that, were it necessary for silencing his doubts, I would ride unarmed, and on a palfrey, to visit him in his tent, with no better guard about me than thine own simple person, friend Oliver."

"And I," said Oliver, "though I pique not myself upon managing steel in any other shape than that of a razor, would rather charge a Swiss battalion of pikes, than I would accompany your Highness upon such a visit of friendship to Charles of Burgundy, when he hath so many grounds to be well assured that there is enmity in your Majesty's bosom against him."

"Thou art a fool, Oliver," said the King—"and that with all thy pretensions to wisdom—and art not aware that deep policy must often assume the appearance of the most extreme simplicity, as courage occasionally shrouds itself under the show of modest timidity. Were it needful, full surely would I do what I have said—the saints always blessing our purpose, and the heavenly constellations bringing round, in their course, a proper conjuncture for such an exploit."

In these words did King Louis XI. give the first hint of the extraordinary resolution which he afterwards adopted, of duping his great rival, that had very nearly proved his own ruin.

He parted with his counsellor, and presently afterwards went to the apartment of the ladies of Croye. Few persuasions beyond his mere license would have been necessary to determine their retreat from the Court of France, upon the first hint that they might not be eventually protected against the Duke of Burgundy; but it was not so easy to induce them to chuse Liege for the place of their retreat. They entreated and requested to be transferred to Bretagne or Calais, where, under protection of the Duke of Bretagne, or King of England, they might remain in a state of safety, until the sovereign of Burgundy should relent in his rigorous purpose towards them. But neither of these places of safety at all suited the plans of Louis, and he was at last successful in inducing them to adopt that which did coincide with them.

The power of the Bishop of Liege for their defence was not to be questioned, since his ecclesiastical dignity gave him the means of protecting the fugitives against all Christian princes; while, on the other hand, his secular forces, if not numerous, were at least sufficient to defend his person, and all under his protection, from any sudden violence. The difficulty was to reach the little court of the Bishop in safety; but for this Louis promised to provide, by spreading a report that the ladies of Croye had escaped from Tours by night,

under fear of being delivered up to the Burgundian envoy, and had taken their flight towards Bretagne. He also promised them the attendance of a small, but faithful retinue, and letters to the commanders of such towns and fortresses as they might pass, with instructions to use every means for protecting and assisting them in their journey.

The ladies of Croye, although internally resenting the ungenerous and discourteous manner in which Louis thus deprived them of the promised asylum in his court, were so far from objecting to the hasty departure which he proposed, that they even anticipated his project, by entreating to be permitted to set forward that same night. The Lady Hameline was already tired of a place where there were neither admiring courtiers, nor festivities to be witnessed; and the Lady Isabelle thought she had seen enough to conclude, that, were the temptation to become a little stronger, Louis XI., not satisfied with expelling them from his court, would not hesitate to deliver her up to her irritated suzerain, the Duke of Burgundy. Lastly, Louis himself readily acquiesced in their hasty departure, anxious to preserve peace with Duke Charles, and alarmed lest the beauty of Isabelle should interfere with and impede the favourite plan which he had formed, for bestowing the hand of his daughter Joan upon his cousin of Orleans.

CHAPTER III.

THE JOURNEY.

Talk not of Kings—I scorn the poor comparison;
I am a SAGE, and can command the elements—
At least men think I can; and on that thought
I found unbounded empire.

Albumazar.

OCCUPATION and adventure might be said to crowd upon the young Scotchman with the force of a spring-tide, for he was speedily summoned to the apartment of his captain, the Lord Crawford, where, to his astonishment, he again beheld the King. After a few words respecting the honour and trust which were about to be reposed in him, which made Quentin internally afraid that they were again about to propose to him such a watch as he had kept upon the Count of Crevecœur, or perhaps some duty still more repugnant to his feelings, he was not relieved merely, but delighted, with hearing that he was selected, with the assistance of four others under his

command, one of whom was a guide, to escort the ladies of Croye to the little court of their relative, the Bishop of Liege, in the safest and most commodious, and, at the same time, in the most secret manner possible. A scroll was given him, in which were set down directions for his guidance for the places of halt (generally chosen in villages, monasteries, and places remote from towns), and for the general precautions which he was to attend to, especially on approaching the frontier of Burgundy. He was sufficiently supplied with instructions on what he ought to say and do to sustain the personage of the maitre d'hotel of two English ladies of rank, who had been on a pilgrimage to Saint Martin of Tours, and were to visit the holy city of Cologne, and worship the reliques of the sage eastern monarchs, who came to adore the nativity of Bethlehem; for under that character the ladies of Croye were to journey.

Without having any defined notions of the cause of his delight, Quentin Durward's heart leapt for joy at the idea of approaching thus nearly to the person of the beauty of the turret, and in a situation which entitled him to her confidence, since her protection was in so great a degree intrusted to his conduct and courage. He felt no doubt in his own mind that he should be her successful guide through the hazards of her pilgrimage. Youth seldom

thinks of dangers, and, bred up free, and fearless, and self-confiding, Quentin, in particular, only thought of them to defy them. He longed to be exempted from the restraint of the royal presence, that he might indulge the secret glee with which such unexpected tidings filled him, and which prompted him to bursts of delight which would have been totally unfitting for that society.

But Louis had not yet done with him. That cautious monarch had to consult a counsellor of a different stamp from Oliver le Diable, and who was supposed to derive his skill from the superior and astral intelligences, as men, judging from their fruits, were apt to think the counsels of Oliver sprung from the Devil himself.

Louis therefore led the way, followed by the impatient Quentin, to a separate tower of the Castle of Plessis, in which was installed, in no small ease and splendour, the celebrated astrologer, poet, and philosopher, Galeotti Marti, or Martius, or Martivalle, a native of Narni, in Italy, the author of the famous Treatise, *De Vulgo Incognitis*,¹ and the subject of his age's admiration, and of the panegyrics of Paulus Jovius. He had long flourished at the court of the celebrated Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from whom he was in some

¹ Concerning things unknown to the generality of mankind

measure decoyed by Louis, who grudged the Hungarian monarch the society and the counsels of a sage, accounted so skilful in reading the decrees of Heaven.

Martivalle was none of those ascetic, withered, pale professors of mystic learning, who bleared their eyes over the midnight furnace, and macerated their bodies by outwatching the polar bear. He indulged in all courtly pleasures, and, until he grew corpulent, had excelled in all martial sports and gymnastic exercises, as well as in the use of arms; inso-much, that Janus Pannonius has left a Latin epigram, upon a wrestling match betwixt Galeotti and a renowned champion of that art, in the presence of the Hungarian king and court, in which the astrologer was completely victorious.

The apartments of this courtly and martial sage were far more splendidly furnished than any which Quentin had yet seen in the royal palace, and the carving and ornamented wood-work of his library, as well as the magnificence displayed in the tapestries, showed the elegant taste of the learned Italian. Out of his study one door opened to his sleeping-apartment, another led to the turret which served as his observatory. A large oaken table, in the midst of the apartment, was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, the spoils of the tent of a pacha after the great battle of Jaiza, where the as-

trologer had fought abreast with the valiant champion of Christendom, Mathias Corvinus. On the table lay a variety of mathematical and astrological instruments, all of the most rich materials and curious workmanship. His astrolabe of silver was the gift of the Emperor of Germany, and his Jacob's staff of ebony, jointed with gold, and curiously inlaid, was a mark of esteem from the reigning Pope.

There were various other miscellaneous articles disposed on the table, or hanging around the walls; amongst others, two complete suits of armour, one of mail, the other of plate, both of which, from their great size, seemed to call the gigantic astrologer their owner; a Spanish Toledo, a Scottish broad-sword, a Turkish scimitar, with bows, quivers, and other warlike weapons; musical instruments of several different kinds; a silver crucifix, a sepulchral antique vase, and several of the little brazen *penates* of the ancient heathens, with other curious non-descript articles, some of which, in the superstitious opinions of that period, seemed to be designed for magical purposes. The library of this singular character was of the same miscellaneous description with his other effects. Curious manuscripts of classical antiquity lay mingled with the voluminous labours of Christian divines, and of those pains-taking sages who professed the chemical science, and proffered to guide their

students into the most secret recesses of nature, by means of the Hermetical philosophy. Some were written in the eastern character, and others concealed their sense or nonsense under the veil of hieroglyphics and cabalistic characters. The whole apartment, and its furniture of every kind, formed a scene very impressive on the fancy, considering the general belief then indisputably entertained, concerning the truth of the occult sciences; and that effect was increased by the manners and appearance of the individual himself, who, seated in a huge chair, was employed in curiously examining a specimen, just issued from the Frankfort press, of the newly-invented art of printing.

Galeotti Martivalle was a tall, bulky, yet stately man, considerably past his prime, and whose youthful habits of exercise, though still occasionally resumed, had not been able to contend with a natural tendency to corpulence, increased by sedentary study, and indulgence in the pleasures of the table. His features, though rather overgrown, were dignified and noble, and a santon might have envied the dark and downward sweep of his long-descending beard. His dress was a chamber-robe of the richest Genoa velvet, with ample sleeves, clasped with frogs of gold, and lined with sables. It was fastened round his middle by a broad belt of virgin parchment, round which were represent-

ed, in crimson characters, the signs of the Zodiac. He rose and bowed to the King, yet with the air of one to whom such exalted society was familiar, and who was not at all likely to compromise the dignity then especially affected by the pursuers of science.

“ You are engaged, father,” said the King, “ and, as I think, with this new-fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts, by the intervention of machinery. Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import interest the thoughts of one, before whom heaven has unrolled her own celestial volumes ?”

“ My brother,” replied Martivalle,—“ for so the tenant of this cell must term even the King of France, when he deigns to visit him as a disciple,—believe me that, in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury, as by any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us ; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search ; how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease ; how liable to be diverted, or altogether dried up, by the invasions of barbarism ; can I look forward without wonder and astonishment, to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted,

unabated, unbounded, fertilizing some grounds, and overflowing others ; changing the whole form of social life ; establishing and overthrowing religions ; erecting and destroying kingdoms——”

“ Hold, Galeotti,” said Louis,—“ shall these changes come in our time ?”

“ No, my brother,” replied Martivalle ; “ this invention may be likened to a young tree, which is now newly planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the garden of Eden, the knowledge, namely, of good and evil.”

Louis answered, after a moment’s pause, “ Let futurity look to what concerns them—we are men of this age, and to this age we will confine our care. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.—Tell me, hast thou proceeded farther in the horoscope which I sent to thee, and of which you made me some report ? I have brought the party hither, that you may use palmistry, or chiromancy, if such is your pleasure. The matter is pressing.”

The bulky sage arose from his seat, and, approaching the young soldier, fixed on him his keen large dark eyes, as if he were in the act of internally spelling and dissecting every lineament and feature—Blushing and borne down by this close examination on the part of one whose expression was so reverential at once and commanding, Quentin bent his eyes

on the ground, and did not again raise them, till in the act of obeying the sonorous command of the astrologer, « Look up and be not afraid, but hold forth thy hand.»

When Martivalle had inspected his palm, according to the form of the mystic arts which he practised, he led the King some steps aside.—« My royal brother, » he said, « the physiognomy of this youth, together with the lines impressed on his hand, confirm, in a wonderful degree, the report which I founded on his horoscope, as well as that judgment which your own proficiency in our sublime arts induced you at once to form of him. All promises that this youth will be brave and fortunate.»

« And faithful? » said the King; « for valour and fortune square not always with fidelity.

« And faithful also, » said the astrologer; « for there is manly firmness in look and eye, and his *linea vitæ* is deeply marked and clear, which indicates a true and upright adherence to those who do benefit or lodge trust in him. But yet——»

« But what? » said the King; « Father Galeotti, wherefore do you now pause? »

« The ears of kings, » said the sage, « are like the palates of those dainty patients which are unable to endure the bitterness of the drugs necessary for their recovery.»

« My ears and my palate have no such niceness, » said Louis; « let me hear what is useful

counsel, and swallow what is wholesome medicine. I quarrel not with the rudeness of the one, or the harsh taste of the other. I have not been cockered in wantonness or indulgence; my youth was one of exile and suffering. My ears are used to harsh counsel, and take no offence at it."

"Then plainly, Sire," replied Galeotti, "if you have aught in your purposed commission, which—which, in short, may startle a scrupulous conscience—intrust it not to this youth—at least, not till a few years' exercise in your service has made him as unhesitating as others."

"And is this what you hesitated to speak, my good Galeotti? and didst thou think thy speaking it would offend me?" answered the King. "Alack, I know that thou art well sensible that the path of royal policy cannot be always squared (as that of private life ought invariably to be), by the abstract maxims of religion, and of morality. Wherefore do we, the princes of the earth, found churches and monasteries, make pilgrimages, undergo penances, and perform devotions with which others may dispense, unless it be because the benefit of the public, and the welfare of our kingdoms, force us upon measures which grieve our consciences as Christians? But Heaven has mercy—the Church an unbounded stock of merits, and the intercession of our La-

dy of Embrun, and the blessed saints, is urgent, everlasting, and omnipotent.”—He laid his hat on the table, and, devoutly kneeling before the images stuck into the hat-band, repeated, in an earnest tone, “*Sancte Huberte, Sancte Juliane, Sancte Martine, Sancta Rosalia, Sancti, quotquot adestis, orate pro me peccatore!*” He then smote his breast, arose, re-assumed his hat, and continued.—“Be assured, good father, that whatever there may be in our commission, of the nature at which you have hinted, the execution shall not be entrusted to this youth, nor shall he be privy to such part of our purpose.”

“In this,” said the astrologer, “you, my royal brother, will walk wisely.—Something may be apprehended likewise from the rashness of this your young commissioner; a failing inherent in those of sanguine complexion. But I hold that, by the rules of art, this chance is not to be weighed against the other properties discovered from his horoscope and otherwise.”

“Will this next midnight be a propitious hour in which to commence a perilous journey?” said the King.—“See, here is your ephemerides—you see the position of the moon in regard to Saturn, and the ascendance of Jupiter—That should argue, methinks, in submission to your better art, success to him who sends forth the expedition at such an hour.”

“To him who *sends forth* the expedition,”

said the astrologer, after a pause, "this conjunction doth indeed promise success; but, methinks, that Saturn being combust, threatens danger and infortune to the party *sent*, whence I infer that the errand may be perilous, or even fatal, to those who are to journey. Violence and captivity, methinks, are intimated in that adverse conjunction."

"Violence and captivity to those who are sent," answered the King, "but success to the wishes of the sender—Runs it not thus, my learned father?"

"Even so," replied the astrologer.

The King paused, without giving any further indication how far this presaging speech (probably hazarded by the astrologer from his knowledge that the commission related to some dangerous purpose,) squared with his real object, which, as the reader is aware, was to betray the Countess Isabelle of Croye into the hands of William de la Marck, a leader distinguished for his turbulent disposition and ferocious bravery.

The King then pulled forth a paper from his pocket, and, ere he gave it to Martivalle, said, in a tone which resembled that of an apology,—“Learned Galeotti, be not surprised that, possessing in you an oracular treasure, superior to that lodged in the breast of any now alive, not excepting the great Nostradamus himself, I am desirous frequently to avail my-

self of your skill in those doubts and difficulties, which beset every prince who hath to contend with rebellions within his land, and with external enemies, both powerful and inveterate.”

“When I was honoured with your request, Sire,” said the philosopher, “and abandoned the Court of Buda for that of Plessis, it was with the resolution to place at the command of my royal patron whatever my art had that might be of service to him.”

“Enough, good Martivalle—I pray thee attend to the import of this question.”—He proceeded to read from the paper in his hand:—“A person having on hand a weighty controversy, which is like to draw to debate either by law or by force of arms, is desirous, for the present, to seek accommodation by a personal interview with his antagonist. He desires to know what day will be propitious for the execution of such a purpose; also, what is likely to be the success of such a negotiation, and whether his adversary will be moved to answer the confidence thus reposed in him, with gratitude and kindness, or may rather be likely to abuse the opportunity and advantage which such a meeting may afford him?”

“It is an important question,” said Martivalle, when the King had done reading, “and requires that I should set a planetary figure, and give it instant and deep consideration.”

“Let it be so, my good father in the sciences, and thou shalt know what it is to oblige a King of France. We are determined, if the constellations forbid not,—and our own humble art leads us to think that they approve our purpose,—to hazard something even in our own person, to stop these anti-Christian wars.”

“May the saints forward your Majesty’s pious intent,” said the astrologer, “and guard your sacred person!”

“Thanks, learned father.—Here is something, the while, to enlarge your curious library.”

He placed under one of the volumes a small purse of gold,—for, economical even in his superstitions, Louis conceived the astrologer sufficiently bound to his service by the pensions he had assigned him, and thought himself entitled to the use of his skill at a moderate rate, even upon great exigencies.

Louis having thus, in legal phrase, added a refreshing fee to his general retainer, turned from him to address Durward.—“Follow me,” he said, “my bonny Scot—as one chosen by destiny and a monarch to accomplish a bold adventure. All must be got ready, that thou mayst put foot in stirrup the very instant the bell of Saint Martin’s tolls twelve. One minute sooner, one minute later, were to forfeit the favourable aspect of the constellations which smile on your adventure.”

Thus saying, the King left the apartment, followed by his young guardsman; and no sooner were they gone, than the astrologer gave way to very different feelings from those which seemed to animate him during the royal presence.

“The niggardly slave!” he said, weighing the purse in his hand,—for, a man of unbounded expense, he had almost constant occasion for money—“The base sordid cullion!—A coxswain’s wife would give more to know that her husband had crossed the narrow seas in safety. *He* acquire any tincture of humane letters!—yes, when prowling foxes and yelling wolves become musicians. *He* read the glorious blazoning of the firmament!—ay, when sordid moles shall become lynxes—*Post tot promissa*—after so many promises made, to entice me from the court of the magnificent Mathias, where Hun and Turk, Christian and Infidel, the Czar of Muscovia and the Cham of Tartary themselves, contended to load me with gifts,—doth he think I am to abide in this old castle, like a bulfinch in a cage, fain to sing as oft as he chuses to whistle, and all for seed and water?—Not so—*aut inveniam viam, aut faciam*—I will discover or contrive a remedy. The Cardinal Balue is politic and liberal—this query shall to him, and it shall be his Eminence’s own fault if the stars speak not as he would have them.”

He again took the despised guerdon, and weighed it in his hand. «It may be,» he said, «there is some jewel or pearl of price concealed in this paltry case—I have heard he can be liberal even to lavishness, when it suits his caprice or interest.»

He emptied the purse, which contained neither more less than ten gold pieces. The indignation of the astrologer was extreme.—«Thinks he that for this paltry hire I will practise that celestial science which I have studied with the Armenian Abbot of Istrahoff, who had not seen the sun for forty years—with the Greek Dubravius, who is said to have raised the dead,—and have even visited the Scheik Eba Hali in his cave in the deserts of Thebais?—No, by heaven!—he that contemns art shall perish through his own ignorance. Ten pieces!—a pittance which I am half ashamed to offer to Toinette, to buy her new breastlaces.»

So saying, the indignant sage nevertheless plunged the condemned pieces of gold into a large pouch which he wore at his girdle, which Toinette, and other abettors of lavish expense, generally contrived to empty fully faster than the philosopher with all his art could find the means of filling it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY.

I see thee yet, fair France—thou favour'd land
Of art and nature—thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labour is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;
Thy sun-burnt daughters, with their laughing eyes
And glossy raven locks. But, favour'd France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now.

Anonymous.

AVOIDING all conversation with any one (for such was his charge), Quentin Durward proceeded hastily to array himself in a strong but plain cuirass, with thigh and arm-pieces, and placed on his head a good steel cap without any visor. To these were added a handsome cassock of shamoy leather, finely dressed, and laced down the seams with some embroidery, such as might become a superior officer in a noble household.

These things were brought to his apartment by Oliver, who, with his quiet insinuating smile

and manner, acquainted him that his uncle had been summoned to mount guard, purposely that he might make no inquiries concerning these mysterious movements.

“Your excuse will be made to your kinsman,” said Oliver, smiling again; “and, my dearest son, when you return safe from the execution of this pleasing trust, I doubt not you will be found worthy of such promotion as will dispense with your accounting for your motions to any one, while it will place you at the head of those who must render an account of theirs to you.”

So spoke Oliver le Diable, calculating, probably, in his own mind, the great chance there was that the poor youth, whose hand he squeezed affectionately as he spoke, must necessarily encounter death or captivity in the commission entrusted to his charge.

At a few minutes before twelve at midnight, Quentin, according to his directions, proceeded to the second court-yard, and paused under the Dauphin’s Tower, which, as the reader knows, was assigned for the temporary residence of the Countesses of Croye. He found, at this place of rendezvous, the men and horses appointed to compose the retinue, leading two sumpter mules already loaded with baggage, and holding three palfreys for the two countesses and a faithful waiting-woman, with a stately war-horse for himself, whose steel-

plated saddle glanced in the pale moon-light. Not a word of recognition was spoken on either side. The men sate still in their saddles, as if they were motionless, and by the same imperfect light Quentin saw with pleasure that they were all armed, and held long lances in their hands. They were only three in number; but one of them whispered to Quentin, in a strong Gascon accent, that their guide was to join them beyond Tours.

Meantime, lights glanced to and fro at the lattices of the tower, as if there was bustle and preparation among its inhabitants. At length a small door, which led from the bottom of the tower to the court, was unclosed, and three females came forth, attended by a man wrapped in a cloak. They mounted in silence the palfreys which stood prepared for them, while their attendant on foot led the way, and gave the pass-words and signals to the watchful guards, whose posts they passed in succession. Thus they at length reached the exterior of these formidable barriers. Here the man on foot, who had hitherto acted as their guide, paused, and spoke low and earnestly to the two foremost females.

“May heaven bless you, Sire,” said a voice, which thrilled upon Quentin Durward’s ear, “and forgive you, even if your purposes be more interested than your words express! To be placed under the protection of the good

Bishop of Liege is the utmost extent of my desire."

The person whom she thus addressed, muttered an inaudible answer, and retreated back through the barrier-gate, while Quentin thought that, by the moon-glimpse, he recognized in him the King himself, whose anxiety for the departure of his guest had probably induced him to give his presence, in case scruples should arise on their part, or difficulties on that of the guards of the castle.

When the riders were beyond the castle, it was necessary for some time to ride with great precaution, in order to avoid the pit-falls, snares, and similar contrivances, which were placed for the annoyance of strangers. The Gascon was, however, completely possessed of the clew to this labyrinth, and, in a quarter of an hour's riding, they found themselves beyond the limits of Plessis le Parc, and not far distant from the city of Tours.

The moon, which had now extricated herself from the clouds through which she was formerly wading, shed a full sea of glorious light upon a landscape equally glorious. They saw the princely Loire rolling his majestic tide through the richest plain in France, and sweeping along between banks ornamented with towers and terraces, and with olives and vineyards. They saw the walls of the ancient capital of Touraine raising their portal-towers

and embattlements white in the moon-light, while, from within their circle, rose the immense Gothic mass which the devotion of the sainted Bishop Perpetuus erected, as early as the fifth century, and which the zeal of Charlemagne and his successors had enlarged with such architectural splendour, as rendered it the most magnificent church in France. The towers of the church of Saint Gatien were also visible, and the gloomy strength of the castle, which was said to have been, in ancient times, the residence of the Emperor Valentinian.

Even the circumstances in which he was placed, though of a nature so engrossing, did not prevent the wonder and delight with which the young Scotchman, accustomed to the waste though impressive landscape of his own mountains, and the poverty even of his country's most stately scenery, looked on a scene, which art and nature seemed to have vied in adorning with their richest splendour. But he was recalled to the business of the moment by the voice of the elder lady (pitched at least an octave higher than those soft tones which bid adieu to King Louis), demanding to speak with the leader of the band. Spurring his horse forward, Quentin reverently presented himself to the ladies in that capacity, and thus underwent the interrogatories of the Lady Hameline.

“What was his name, and what his degree?”

He told both.

« Was he perfectly acquainted with the road?»

« He could not,» he replied, « pretend to much knowledge of the route, but he was furnished with full instructions, and he was, at their first resting-place, to be provided with a guide, in all respects competent to the task of directing their farther journey; meanwhile, a horseman who had just joined them, and made the number of their guard four, was to be their guide for the first stage.»

« And wherefore were you selected for such a duty, young gentleman?» said the lady—« I am told you are the same youth who was lately upon guard in the gallery in which we met the Princess of France. You seem young and inexperienced for such a charge—a stranger, too, in France, and speaking the language as a foreigner.»

« I am bound to obey the commands of the King, madam, but not to reason on them,» answered the young soldier.

« Are you of noble birth?» said the same querist.

« I may safely affirm so, madam,» replied Quentin.

« And are you not,» said the younger lady, addressing him in her turn, but with a timorous accent, « the same whom I saw when I

was called to wait upon the King at yonder inn?"

Lowering his voice, perhaps from similar feelings of timidity, Quentin answered in the affirmative.

"Then, methinks, my cousin," said the Lady Isabelle, addressing the Lady Hameline, "we must be safe under this young gentleman's safeguard; he looks not, at least, like one to whom the execution of a plan of treacherous cruelty upon two helpless women could be with safety intrusted."

"On my honour, madam," said Durward, "by the fame of my house, by the bones of my ancestry, I could not, for France and Scotland laid into one, be guilty of treachery or cruelty towards you!"

"You speak well, young man," said the Lady Hameline; "but we are accustomed to hear fair speeches from the King of France and his agents. It was by these that we were induced, when the protection of the Bishop of Liege might have been attained with less risk than now, or when we might have thrown ourselves on that of Winceslaus of Germany, or of Edward of England, to seek refuge in France. And in what did the promises of the King result? In an obscure and shameful concealing of us, under plebeian names, as a sort of prohibited wares, in yonder paltry hostelrie, when we,—who, as thou knowest, Marthond,

(addressing her domestic), never put on our head-tire save under a canopy, and upon a dais of three degrees,—were compelled to attire ourselves, standing on the simple floor, as if we had been two milk-maids.”

Marthon admitted that her lady spoke a most melancholy truth.

“I would that had been the sorest evil, dear kinswoman,” said the Lady Isabelle; “I could gladly have dispensed with state.”

“But not with society,” said the other countess; “that, my sweet cousin, was impossible.”

“I would have dispensed with all, my dearest kinswoman,” answered Isabelle, in a voice which penetrated to the very heart of her young conductor and guard, “with all, for a safe and honourable retirement. I wish not—God knows, I never wished—to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burgundy, or that lives should be lost for such as me. I only implored permission to retire to the Convent of Marmonthier, or to any other holy sanctuary.”

“You spoke then like a fool, my cousin,” answered the elder lady, “and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive, who hath some of the spirit of the noble house of Croye. How should a high-born lady be known from a sun-burnt milk-maid, save that spears are broken for the one, and only hazel-poles for the other? I tell you,

maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous Passage of Arms at Haflingham was held in my honour; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days; and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one back-bone, one collar-bone, three legs, and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds' counting; and thus have the ladies of our house ever been honoured. Ah, had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some court, where ladies' love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory, at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best lance in Europe, to maintain the rights of the House of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France."

"But, fair kinswoman," answered the younger countess, "I have been told by my old nurse, that although the Rhingrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasbourg, and so won the hand of my respected grandmother, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes to beat, my great-grand-mother of blessed memory."

"And wherefore not?" said the elder countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the pro-

fession of chivalry; « why should those victorious arms, accustomed to blows abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a-day, by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me, than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife, nor to any one else!»

« I should wish you joy of such a restless mate, fair aunt,» replied Isabelle, « without envying you; for if broken bones be lovely in tourneys, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' bower.»

« Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms; though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the Rhingrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and addicted to the use of Rhein-wein. — The very perfect knight is a lamb among ladies, and a lion among lances. There was Thibault of Montigni—God be with him!—he was the kindest soul alive, and not only was he never so discourteous as to lift hand against his lady, but, by Our Good Dame, he who beat all enemies without doors found a fair foe who could belabour him within.—Well, 't was his own fault—he was one of the challengers at the Passage of Haflingham, and so well bestirred himself, that, if it had pleased Heaven, and your grandfather, there might have been a lady of Mon-

tigni, who had used his gentle nature more gently.”

The Countess Isabelle, who had some reason to dread this Passage of Haflingham, it being a topic upon which her aunt was at all times very diffuse, suffered the conversation to drop; and Quentin, with the natural politeness of one who had been gently nurtured, dreading lest his presence might be a restraint on their conversation, rode forward to join the guide, as if to ask him some questions concerning their route.

Meanwhile, the ladies continued their journey in silence, or in such conversation as is not worth narrating, until day began to break; and as they had then been on horseback for several hours, Quentin, anxious lest they should be fatigued, became impatient to know their distance from the nearest resting-place.

“I will show it you,” answered the guide, “in half an hour.”

“And then you leave us to other guidance?” continued Quentin.

“Even so, Signor archer,” replied the man; “my journeys are always short and straight.—When you and others, Signor archer, go by the bow, I always, go by the cord.”

The moon had by this time long decayed, and the lights of dawn were beginning to spread bright and strong in the east, and to gleam on the bosom of a small lake, on the verge of

which they had been riding for a short space of time. This lake lay in the midst of a wide plain, scattered over with single trees, groves, and thickets; but which might be yet termed open, so that objects began to be discerned with sufficient accuracy. Quentin cast his eye on the person whom he rode beside, and under the shadow of a slouched over-spreading hat, which resembled the sombrero of a Spanish peasant, he recognized the facetious features of the same Petit-André, whose fingers, not long since, had, in concert with those of his lugubrious brother, Trois-Eschelles, been so unpleasantly active about his throat.—Impelled by aversion, not altogether unmixed with fear (for in his own country the executioner is regarded with almost superstitious horror), which his late narrow escape had not diminished, Durward instinctively moved his horse's head to the right, and pressing him at the same time with the spur, made a demi-volte, which separated him eight feet from his hateful companion.

« Ho, ho, ho, ho! » exclaimed Petit-André; « by Our Lady of the Grêve, our young soldier remembers us of old.—What, comrade, you bear no malice, I trust?—every one wins his bread in this country. No man need be ashamed of having come through my hands, for I will do my work with any that ever tied a living weight to a dead tree.—And God hath

given me grace to be such a merry fellow withal—Ha! ha! ha!—I could tell you such jests I have cracked between the foot of the ladder and the top of the gallows, that, by my halidome, I have been obliged to do my job rather hastily, for fear the fellows should die with laughing, and so shame my mystery!”

As he thus spoke, he edged his horse sideways, to regain the interval which the Scot had left between them, saying at the same time, “Come, Seignor archer, let there be no unkindness betwixt us!—For my part, I always do my duty without malice and with a light heart, and I never love a man better than when I have put my scant-of-wind collar about his neck, to dub him Knight of the Order of Saint Patibularius, as the provost’s chaplain, the worthy Father Vaconel-diablo, is wont to call the patron saint of the provostry.”

“Keep back, thou wretched object!” exclaimed Quentin, as the finisher of the law again sought to approach him closer, “or I will be tempted to teach you the distance that should be betwixt men of honour, and such an out-cast.”

“La you there, how hot you are!” said the fellow; “had you said men of *honesty*, there had been some savour of truth in it;—but for men of *honour*, good lack, I have to deal with them every day, as nearly and closely as I was about to do business with you.—But peace be

with you, and keep your company to yourself. I would have bestowed a flagon of Auvernât upon you to wash away every unkindness—but you scorn my courtesy.—Well. Be as churlish as you list—I never quarrel with my customers—my jerry-come-tumbles, my merry dancers, my little play-fellows, as Jacques Butcher says to his lambs—those in fine, who, like your seignorship, have H. E. M. P. written on their foreheads—No, no, let them use me as they list, they shall have my good service at last—and yourself shall see, when you next come under Petit-André's hands, that he knows how to forgive an injury.”

So saying, and summing up the whole with a provoking wink, and such an interjectional *tchick* as men quicken a dull horse with, Petit-André drew off to the other side of the path, and left the youth to digest the taunts he had treated him with, as his proud Scotch stomach best might. A strong desire had Quentin to have belaboured him while the staff of his lance could hold together; but he put a restraint on his passion, recollecting that a brawl with such a character could be creditable at no time or place, and that a quarrel of any kind, on the present occasion, would be a breach of duty, and might involve the most perilous consequences. He therefore swallowed his wrath at the ill-timed and professional jokes of Mons. Petit-André, and con-

tented himself with devoutly hoping that they had not reached the ears of his fair charge, on which they could not be supposed to make an impression in favour of himself, as one obnoxious to such sarcasms. But he was speedily roused from such thoughts by the cry of both the ladies at once, « Look back—look back!—For the love of Heaven look to yourself, and us—we are pursued!»

Quentin hastily looked back, and saw that two armed men were in fact following them, and riding at such a pace as must soon bring them up with their party. «It can,» he said, «be only some of the provostry making their rounds in the forest.—Do thou look,» he said to Petit-André, «and see what they may be.»

Petit-André obeyed; and, rolling himself jocosely in the saddle after he had made his observations, replied, «These, fair sir, are neither your comrades nor mine—neither Archers nor Marshalmen—for I think they wear helmets, with visors lowered, and gorgets of the same.—A plague upon these gorgets, of all other pieces of armour!—I have fumbled with them an hour before I could undo the rivets.»

«Do you, gracious ladies,» said Durward, without attending to Petit-André, «ride forward—not so fast as to raise an opinion of your being in flight, and yet fast enough to avail yourself of the impediment which I shall

presently place between you and these men who follow us. »

The Countess Isabelle looked to their guide, and then whispered her aunt, who spoke to Quentin thus—«We have confidence in your care, fair archer, and will abide rather the risk of whatever may chance in your company, than we will go onward with that man, whose mien is, we think, of no good augury.»

«Be it as you will, ladies,» said the youth—«There are but two who come after us, and though they be knights, as their arms seem to show, they shall, if they have any evil purpose, learn how a Scotchman can do his devoir in the presence and defence of such as you are.—Which of you there,» he continued, addressing the guards whom he commanded, «is willing to be my comrade, and to break a lance with these gallants?»

Two of the men obviously faltered in resolution; but the third, Bertrand Guyot, swore, «that, *cap de diou*, were they Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, he would try their mettle, for the honour of Gascony.»

While he spoke, the two knights, for they seemed of no less rank, came up with the rear of the party, in which Quentin, with his sturdy adherent, had by this time stationed himself. They were fully accoutred in excellent armour of polished steel, without any device by which they could be distinguished.

One of them, as they approached, called out to Quentin, «Sir Squire, give place—we come to relieve you of a charge which is above your rank and condition. You will do well to leave these ladies in our care, who are fitter to wait upon them, especially as we know that in yours they are little better than captives.»

«In return to your demand, sirs,» replied Durward, «know, in the first place, that I am discharging the duty imposed upon me by my present Sovereign; and next, that however unworthy I may be, the ladies desire to abide under my protection.»

«Out, sirrah!» exclaimed one of the champions; «will you, a wandering beggar, put yourself on terms of resistance against belted knights?»

«They are indeed terms of resistance,» said Quentin, «since they oppose your insolent and unlawful aggression; and if there be difference of rank between us, which as yet I know not, your discourtesy has done it away. Draw your sword, or, if you will use the lance, take ground for your career.»

While the knights turned their horses, and rode back to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, Quentin, looking to the ladies, bent low on his saddle-bow, as if desiring their favourable regard, and as they streamed towards him their kerchiefs, in token of en-

couragement, the two assailants had gained the distance necessary for their charge.

Calling to the Gascon to bear himself like a man, Durward put his steed into motion; and the four horsemen met in full career in the midst of the ground which at first separated them. The shock was fatal to the poor Gascon; for his adversary, aiming at his face, which was undefended by a visor, run him through the eye into the brain, so that he fell dead from his horse.

On the other hand, Quentin, though labouring under the same disadvantage, swayed himself in the saddle so dexterously, that the hostile lance, slightly scratching his cheek, passed over his right shoulder; while his own spear, striking his antagonist fair upon the breast, hurled him to the ground. Quentin jumped off, to unhelm his fallen opponent; but the other knight, (who, by the way, had never yet spoken), seeing the fortune of his companion, dismounted still more speedily than Durward, and bestriding his friend, who lay senseless, exclaimed, « In the name of God and Saint Martin, mount, good fellow, and get thee gone with thy woman's ware!—Ventre Saint Gris, they have caused mischief enough this morning.»

« By your leave, Sir Knight,» said Quentin, who could not brook the menacing tone in which this advice was given, « I will first see

whom I have had to do with, and learn who is to answer for the death of my comrade.”

“That shalt thou never live to know or to tell,” answered the knight. “Get thee back in peace, good fellow. If we were fools for interrupting your passage, we have had the worse, for thou hast done more evil than the lives of thou and thy whole band could repay.—Nay, if thou *wilt* have it (for Quentin now drew his sword, and advanced on him), take it with a vengeance!”

So saying, he dealt the Scot such a blow on the helmet, as, till that moment (though bred where good blows were plenty), he had only read of in romance. It descended like a thunderbolt, beating down the guard which the young soldier had raised to protect his head, and, reaching his helmet of proof, cut it through so far as to touch his hair, but without farther injury; while Durward, dizzy, stunned, and beaten down on one knee, was for an instant at the mercy of the knight, had it pleased him to second his blow. But compassion for Quentin's youth, or admiration of his courage, or a generous love of fair play, made him withhold from taking such advantage; while Quentin, collecting himself, sprung up and attacked his antagonist with the energy of one determined to conquer or die, and at the same time with the presence of mind necessary for fighting the quarrel out to the best advantage.

Resolved not again to expose himself to such dreadful blows as he had just sustained, he employed the advantage of superior agility, increased by the comparative lightness of his armour, to harass his antagonist, by traversing on all sides, with a suddenness of motion and rapidity of attack, against which the knight, in his heavy panoply, found it difficult to defend himself without much fatigue.

It was in vain that this generous antagonist called aloud to Quentin, « that there now remained no cause of fight betwixt them, and that he was loath to be constrained to do him injury. » Listening only to the suggestions of a passionate wish to redeem the shame of his temporary defeat, Durward continued to assail him with the rapidity of lightning—now menacing him with the edge, now with the point of his sword—and ever keeping such an eye on the motions of his opponent, of whose superior strength he had had terrible proof, that he was ready to spring backward, or aside, from under the blows of his tremendous weapon.

« Now the devil be with thee for an obstinate and presumptuous fool, » muttered the knight, « that cannot be quiet till thou art knocked on the head ! » So saying, he changed his mode of fighting, collected himself as if to stand on the defensive, and seemed contented with parrying, instead of returning, the

blows which Quentin unceasingly aimed at him, with the internal resolution, that the instant when either loss of breath, or any false or careless pass of the young soldier, should give an opening, he would put an end to the fight by a single blow. It is likely he might have succeeded in this artful policy, but Fate had ordered it otherwise.

The duel was still at the hottest, when a large party of horse rode up, crying, « Hold, in the King's name ! » Both champions stepped back—and Quentin saw, with surprise, that his captain, Lord Crawford, was at the head of the party who had thus interrupted their combat. There was also Tristan l'Hermite, with two or three of his followers; making, in all, perhaps twenty horse.

CHAPTER V.

THE GUIDE.

He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,
And one descended from those dread magicians,
Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in Goshen,
With Israel and her Prophet—matching rod
With his the sons of Levi's—and encountering
Jehovah's miracles with incantations,
Till upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,
And those proud sages wept for their first-born,
As wept the unletter'd peasant.

Anonymous.

THE arrival of Lord Crawford and his guard put an immediate end to the engagement which we endeavoured to describe in the last chapter; and the knight, throwing off his helmet, hastily gave the old lord his sword, saying, «Crawford, I render myself—But hither—and lend me your ear—a word, for God's sake—save the Duke of Orleans!»

«How!—what!—the Duke of Orleans?» exclaimed the Scottish commander,—«How came this, in the name of the foul fiend? It

will ruin the callant with the King, for ever and a day. »

« Ask no questions, » said Dunois—for it was no other than he—« it was all my fault.—See, he stirs. I came forth but to have a snatch at yonder damsel, and make myself a landed and a married man—and see what is come on 't. Keep back your canaille—let no man look upon him. » So saying, he opened the visor of Orleans, and threw water on his face, which was afforded by the neighbouring lake.

Quentin Durward, meanwhile, stood like one planet-struck; so fast did new adventures pour in upon him. He had now, as the pale features of his first antagonist assured him, borne to the earth the first prince of the blood in France, and had measured swords with her best champion, the celebrated Dunois;—both of them achievements honourable in themselves; but whether they might be called good service to the King, was a very different question.

The duke had now recovered his breath, and was able to sit up and give attention to what passed betwixt Dunois and Crawford, while the former pleaded eagerly, that there was no occasion to mention in the matter the name of the most noble Orleans, while he was ready to take the whole blame on his own

shoulders; and to avouch that the duke had only come thither in friendship to him.

Lord Crawford continued listening, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and from time to time he sighed and shook his head. At length he said, looking up, "Thou knowest, Dunois, that, for thy father's sake, as well as thine own, I would full fain do thee a service."

"It is not for myself I demand any thing," answered Dunois. "Thou hast my sword, and I am your prisoner—what needs more?—But it is for this noble prince, the only hope of France, if God should call the Dauphin. He only came hither to do me a favour—in an effort to make my fortune—in a matter which the King had partly encouraged."

"Dunois," replied Crawford, "if another had told me thou hadst brought the noble prince into this jeopardy to serve any purpose of thine own, I had told them it was false. And now, that thou doest thyself so, I can hardly believe it is for the sake of speaking the truth."

"Noble Crawford," said Orleans, who had now entirely recovered from his swoon, "you are too like in character to your friend Dunois, not to do him justice. It was indeed I that dragged him hither, most unwillingly, upon an enterprize of hair-brained passion, suddenly and rashly undertaken.—Look on me all who will," he added, rising up and turning to the

soldiery—“I am Louis of Orleans, willing to pay the penalty of my own folly. I trust the King will limit his displeasure to me, as is but just.—Meanwhile, as a Child of France must not give up his sword to any one—not even to you, brave Crawford—fare thee well, good steel.”

So saying, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and flung it into the lake. It went through the air like a stream of lightning, and sunk in the flashing waters, which speedily closed over it. All remained standing in irresolution and astonishment, so high was the rank, and so much esteemed was the character, of the culprit; while, at the same time, all were conscious that the consequences of his rash enterprize, considering the views which the King had upon him, were likely to end in his utter ruin.

Dunois was the first who spoke, and it was in the chiding tone of an offended and distrusted friend:—“So! your highness hath judged it fit to cast away your best sword, in the same morning when it was your pleasure to fling away the King’s favour, and to slight the friendship of Dunois?”

“My dearest kinsman,” said the Duke, “when or how was it in my purpose to slight your friendship, by telling the truth when it was due to your safety and my honour?”

“What had you to do with my safety, my

most princely cousin, I would pray to know?" answered Dunois, shortly;—"What, in God's name, was it to you, if I had a mind to be hanged, or strangled, or flung into the Loire, or poniarded, or broke on the wheel, or hung up alive in an iron cage, or buried alive in a castle-fosse, or disposed of in any other way in which it might please King Louis to dispose of his faithful subject?—(you need not wink and frown, and point to Tristan l'Hermite—I see the scoundrel as well as you do.) But it would not have stood so hard with me—And so much for my safety. And then for your own honour—by the blush of Saint Magdalen, I think the honour would have been to have missed this morning's work, or kept it out of sight. Here has your highness got yourself unhorsed by a wild Scottish boy."

"Tut, tut!" said Lord Crawford; "never shame thee for that.—It is not the first time a Scottish boy hath broke a good lance—I am glad the youth hath borne him well."

"I will say nothing to the contrary," said Dunois; "yet, had your lordship come something later than you did, there might have been a vacancy in your band of Archers."

"Ay, ay," answered Lord Crawford; "I can read your hand-writing in that cleft morion.—Some one take it from the lad, and give him a bonnet, which, with its steel lining, will keep his head better than that broken loom.—"

And, Dunois, I must now request the Duke of Orleans and you to take horse and accompany me, as I have power and commission to convey you to a place different from that which my good will might assign you.”

“May I not speak one word, my Lord of Crawford, to yonder fair ladies?” said the Duke of Orleans.

“Not one syllable,” answered Lord Crawford; “I am too much a friend of your highness, to permit such an act of folly.”—Then, addressing Quentin, he added, “You, young man, have done your duty. Go on to obey the charge with which you are entrusted.”

“Under favour, my lord,” said Tristan, with his usual brutality of manner, “the youth must find another guide. I cannot want Petit-André, when there is so like to be business on hand for him.”

“The young man,” said Petit-André, now coming forward, “has only to keep the path which lies straight before him, and it will conduct him to a place where he will find the man who is to act as his guide.—I would not for a thousand ducats be absent from my chief this day! I have hanged knights and squires many a one, and wealthy echevins, and burgo-masters to boot—even counts and marquesses have tasted of my handy-work—but, a-humph”——He looked at the Duke as if to intimate that he would have filled up the blank, with

« a prince of the blood ! » — « Ho, ho, ho ! Petit-André, thou wilt be read of in chronicle. »

« Do you permit your ruffians to hold such language in such a presence ? » said Crawford, looking sternly to Tristan.

« Why do you not correct him yourself, my lord ? » said Tristan, sullenly.

« Because thy hand is the only one in this company that can beat him, without being degraded by such an action. »

« Then rule your own men, my lord, and I will be answerable for mine, » said the provost-marshal.

Lord Crawford seemed about to give a passionate reply ; but, as if he had thought better of it, turned his back short upon Tristan, and requesting the Duke of Orleans, and Dunois, to ride one on either hand of him, he made a signal of adieu to the ladies, and said to Quentin, « God bless thee, my child ; thou hast begun thy service valiantly, though in an unhappy cause. » He was about to go off — when Quentin could hear Dunois whisper to Crawford, « Do you carry us to Plessis ? »

« No, my unhappy and rash friend, » answered Crawford, with a sigh ; « to Loches. »

« To Loches ! » The sound of a name yet more dreaded than Plessis itself, fell like a death-toll upon the ear of the young Scotchman. He had heard it described as a place destined to the workings of those secret acts

of cruelty with which even Louis shamed to pollute the interior of his own residence. There were in this place of terror dungeons under dungeons, some of them unknown even to the keepers themselves; living graves, to which men were consigned with little hope of farther employment during the rest of their life, than to breathe impure air, and feed on bread and water. At this formidable castle were also those dreadful places of confinement called *cages*, in which the wretched prisoner could neither stand upright, nor stretch himself at length, an invention, it is said, of the Cardinal Balue. It is no wonder that the name of this place of horrors, and the consciousness that he had been partly the means of dispatching thither two such illustrious victims, struck such sadness into the heart of the young Scot, that he rode for some time with his head dejected, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his heart filled with the most painful reflections.

As he was now again at the head of the little troop, and pursuing the road which had been pointed out to him, the Lady Hameline had an opportunity to say to him, —

“Methinks, fair sir, you regret the victory which your gallantry has attained in our behalf?”

There was something in the question which sounded like irony, but Quentin had tact

enough to answer simply and with sincerity.

« I can regret nothing that is done in the service of such ladies as you are; but, methinks, had it consisted with your safety, I had rather have fallen by the sword of so good a soldier as Dunois, than have been the means of consigning that renowned knight and his unhappy chief, the Duke of Orleans, to yonder fearful dungeons.»

« It *was*, then, the Duke of Orleans,» said the elder lady, turning to her niece. « I thought so, even at the distance from which we beheld the fray.—You see, kinswoman, what we might have been, had this sly and avaricious monarch permitted us to be seen at his court. The first prince of the blood of France, and the valiant Dunois, whose name is known as wide as that of his heroic father—This young gentleman did his devoir bravely and well; but methinks 't is pity that he did not succumb with honour, since his ill-advised gallantry has stood betwixt us and these princely rescuers.»

The Countess Isabelle replied in a firm and almost a displeased tone; with an energy, in short, which Quentin had not yet seen her use.

« Madam,» she said, « but that I know you jest, I would say your speech is ungrateful to our brave defender, to whom we owe more, perhaps, than you are aware of. Had these gentlemen succeeded so far in that rash enter-

prize as to have defeated our escort, is it not still evident, that, on the arrival of the Royal Guard, we must have shared their captivity? For my own part, I give tears, and will soon bestow masses, on the brave man who has fallen, and I trust (she continued, more timidly) that he who lives will accept my grateful thanks.”

As Quentin turned his face towards her, to return the fitting acknowledgments, she saw the blood which streamed down one side of his face, and exclaimed, in a tone of deep feeling, “Holy Virgin, he is wounded! he bleeds!—Dismount, sir, and let your wound be bound up.”

In spite of all that Durward could say of the slightness of his hurt, he was compelled to dismount, and to seat himself on a bank, and unhelmet himself, while the ladies of Croye, who, according to a fashion not as yet antiquated, pretended some knowledge of leech-craft, washed the wound, staunched the blood, and bound it with the kerchief of the younger countess, in order to exclude the air, for so their practice prescribed.

In modern times, gallants seldom or never take wounds for ladies’ sake, and damsels on their side never meddle with the cure of wounds. Each has a danger the less. That which the men escape will be generally acknowledged; but the peril of dressing such a

slight wound as that of Quentin's, which involved nothing formidable or dangerous, was perhaps as real in its way as that of encountering it.

We have already said the patient was eminently handsome; and the removal of his helmet, or, more properly, of his morion, had suffered his fair locks to escape in profusion, around a countenance in which the hilarity of youth was qualified by a blush of modesty at once and pleasure. And then the feelings of the younger countess, when compelled to hold the kerchief to the wound, while her aunt sought in their baggage for some vulnerary remedy, were mingled at once with a sense of delicacy and embarrassment; a thrill of pity for the patient, and of gratitude for his services, which exaggerated, in her eyes, his good mien and handsome features. In short, this incident seemed intended by fate to complete the mysterious communication which she had, by many petty and apparently accidental circumstances, established betwixt two persons, who, though far different in rank and fortune, strongly resembled each other in youth, beauty, and the romantic tenderness of an affectionate disposition. It was no wonder, therefore, that from this moment the thoughts of the Countess Isabelle, already so familiar to his imagination, should become paramount in Quentin's bosom, nor that, if the maiden's feel-

ings were of a less decided character, at least so far as known to herself, she should think of her young defender, to whom she had just rendered a service so interesting, with more emotion than of any of the whole band of high-born nobles who had for two years past besieged her with their adoration. Above all, when the thought of Campo-basso, the unworthy favourite of Duke Charles, with his hypocritical mien, his base, treacherous spirit, his wry neck, and his squint, occurred to her, his portrait was more disgustingly hideous than ever, and deeply did she resolve no tyranny should make her enter into so hateful a union.

In the mean time, whether the good Lady Hameline of Croye understood and admired masculine beauty as much as when she was fifteen years younger (for the good countess was at least thirty-five, if the records of that noble house speak the truth), or whether she thought she had done their young protector less justice than she ought, in the first view which she had taken of his services, it is certain that he began to find favour in her eyes.

“My niece,” she said, “has bestowed on you a kerchief for the binding of your wound; I will give you one to grace your gallantry, and to encourage you in your further progress in chivalry.”

So saying, she gave him a richly-embroider-

ed kerchief of blue and silver, and pointing to the housing of her palfrey, and the plumes in her riding-cap, desired him to observe that the colours were the same.

The fashion of the time prescribed one absolute mode of receiving such a favour, which Quentin followed accordingly by tying the napkin around his arm; yet his manner of acknowledgment had more of awkwardness, and less of gallantry in it, than perhaps it might have had at another time, and in another presence; for though the wearing of a lady's favour, given in such a manner, was merely matter of general compliment, he would much rather have preferred the right of displaying on his arm that which bound the wound inflicted by the sword of Dunois.

Meantime they continued their pilgrimage, Quentin now riding abreast of the ladies, into whose society he seemed to be tacitly adopted. He did not speak much, however, being filled by the silent consciousness of happiness, which is afraid of giving too strong vent to its feelings. The Countess Isabelle spoke still less, so that the conversation was chiefly carried on by the Lady Hameline, who showed no inclination to let it drop; for, to initiate the young archer, as she said, into the principles and practice of chivalry, she detailed to him, at full length, the Passage of Arms at Haflin-

ghem, where she had distributed the prizes among the victors.

Not much interested, I am sorry to say, in the description of this splendid scene, or in the heraldic bearings of the different Flemish and German knights, which the lady blazoned with pitiless accuracy, Quentin began to entertain some alarm lest he should have passed the place where his guide was to join him—a most serious disaster, and from which, should it really have taken place, the very worst consequences were to be apprehended.

While he hesitated whether it would be better to send back one of his followers, to see whether this might not be the case, he heard the blast of a horn, and, looking in the direction from which the sound came, beheld a horseman riding very fast towards them. The low size, and wild, shaggy, untrained state of the animal, reminded Quentin of the mountain breed of horses in his own country, but this was much more finely limbed, and, with the same appearance of hardness, was more rapid in its movements. The head particularly, which, in the Scottish pony, is often lumpish and heavy, was small and well-placed in the neck of this animal, with thin jaws, full sparkling eyes, and expanded nostrils.

The rider was even more singular in his appearance than the horse which he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France.

Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sate with his feet in broad stirrups, something resembling a shovel, so short, that his knees were well nigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume, secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots, a sort of troops whom the Venetians at that time levied in the provinces on the eastern side of their gulf, was green in colour, and tawdrily laced with gold; he wore very wide drawers or trowsers of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which bound a pair of sandals on his feet; he had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a dagger on the right side, and on the left a short crooked Moorish sword, and by a tarnished baldrick over the shoulder hung the horn which announced his approach. He had a swarthy and sun-burnt visage, with a thin beard, and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks which hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation,

which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilized man.

“He also is a Bohemian,” said the ladies to each other; “Holy Mary, will the King again place confidence in these outcasts?”

“I will question the man, if it be your pleasure,” said Quentin, “and assure myself of his fidelity as I best may.”

Durward, as well as the ladies of Croye, had recognized in this man’s dress and appearance, the habit and the manners of those vagrants, with whom he had nearly been confounded by the hasty proceedings of Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, and he too entertained very natural apprehensions concerning the risk of reposing trust in one of that vagrant race.

“Art thou come hither to seek us?” was his first question.

The stranger nodded.

“And for what purpose?”

“To guide you to the Palace of Him of Liege.”

“Of the bishop?”

The Bohemian again nodded.

“What token canst thou give me, that we should yield credence to thee?”

“Even the old rhyme, and no other,” answered the Bohemian,—

“The page slew the boar,
The peer had the gloire.”

“A true token,” said Quentin; “Lead on, good fellow—I will speak further with thee presently.” Then falling back to the ladies, he said, “I am convinced this man is the guide we are to expect, for he hath brought me a pass-word known, I think, but to the King and me. But I will discourse with him further, and endeavour to ascertain how far he is to be trusted.”



CHAPTER VI.

THE VAGRANT.

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

The Conquest of Granada.

WHILE Quentin held the brief communication with the ladies necessary to assure them that this extraordinary addition to their party was the guide whom they were to expect on the King's part, he noticed (for he was as alert in observing the motions of the stranger, as the Bohemian could be on his part) that the man not only turned his head as far back as he could, to peer at them, but that, with a singular sort of agilitfy more resembling that of a monkey than of a man, he had screwed his whole person around on the saddle, so as to sit almost sidelong upon the horse, for the convenience, as it seemed, of watching them more attentively.

Not greatly pleased with this manœuvre,

Quentin rode up to the Bohemian, and said to him, as he suddenly assumed his proper position on the horse, «Methinks, friend, you will prove but a blind guide, if you look at the tail of your horse rather than his ears.»

«And if I were actually blind,» answered the Bohemian, «I could guide you through any county in this realm of France, or in those adjoining to it.»

«Yet you are no Frenchman born,» said the Scot.

«I am not,» answered the guide.

«What countryman, then, are you?» demanded Quentin.

«I am of no country,» answered the guide.

«How! of no country?» repeated the Scot.

«No,» answered the Bohemian, «of none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans, in their different languages, may chuse to call our people; but I have no country.»

«Are you a Christian?» asked the Scotchman.

The Bohemian shook his head.

«Dog,» said Quentin (for there was little toleration in the spirit of Catholicism in those days), «doest thou worship Mahoun?»

«No,» was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who neither seemed offended nor surprised at the young man's violence of manner.

“Are you a Pagan then, or what are you?”

“I have no religion,” answered the Bohemian.

Durward started back; for, though he had heard of Saracens and Idolaters, it had never entered into his ideas or belief, that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatsoever. He recovered from his astonishment, to ask where his guide usually dwelt.

“Wherever I chance to be for the time,” replied the Bohemian. “I have no home.”

“How do you guard your property?”

“Excepting the clothes which I wear, and the horse I ride on, I have no property.”

“Yet you dress gaily, and ride gallantly,” said Durward. “What are your means of subsistence?”

“I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way,” replied the vagabond.

“Under whose laws do you live?”

“I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure,” said the Bohemian.

“Who is your leader, and commands you?”

“The Father of our tribe—if I chuse to obey him,” said the guide—“otherwise I have no commander.”

“You are then,” said the wondering querist, “destitute of all that other men are combined

by—you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country—and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?”

“I have liberty,” said the Bohemian—“I crouch to no one—obey no one—respect no one.—I go where I will—live as I can—and die when my day comes.”

“But you are subject to instant execution, at the pleasure of the judge.”

“Be it so,” returned the Bohemian; “I can but die so much the sooner.”

“And to imprisonment also,” said the Scot; “and where, then, is your boasted freedom?”

“In my thoughts,” said the Bohemian, “which no chains can bind; while yours, even when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment, and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I are free in spirit when our limbs are chained—You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom.”

“Yet the freedom of your thoughts,” said the Scot, “relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs.”

“For a brief time that may be endured; and if within that period I cannot extricate myself,

and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all.”

There was a deep pause of some duration, which Quentin at length broke by resuming his queries.

“Yours is a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe—Whence do they derive their origin?”

“I may not tell you,” answered the Bohemian.

“When will they relieve this kingdom from their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?” said the Scot.

“When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished,” replied his vagrant guide.

“Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel which were carried into captivity beyond the great river Euphrates?” said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothock.

“Had we been so,” answered the Bohemian, “we had followed their faith, and practised their rites.”

“What is thine own name?” said Durward.

“My proper name is only known to my brethren—The men beyond our tents call me Hayradding Maugrabin, that is, Hayraddin the African Moor.”

“Thou speakest too well for one who hath lived always in thy filthy horde,” said the Scot.

« I have learned some of the knowledge of this land, » said Hayraddin.—« When I was a little boy, our tribe was chased by the hunters after human flesh. An arrow went through my mother's head, and she died. I was entangled in the blanket on her shoulders, and was taken by the pursuers. A priest begged me from the provost's archers, and trained me up in Frankish learning for two or three years. »

« How came you to part with him? » demanded Durward.

« I stole money from him—even the God which he worshipped, » answered Hayraddin, with perfect composure; « he detected me, and beat me—I stabbed him with my knife, fled to the woods, and was again united to my people. »

« Wretch! » said Durward, « did you murder your benefactor? »

« What had he to do to burden me with his benefits?—The Zingaro boy was no house-bred cur to dog the heels of his master, and crouch beneath his blows for scraps of food—He was the imprisoned wolf-whelp, which at the first opportunity broke his chain, rended his master, and returned to his wilderness. »

There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still farther investigating the character and purpose of this suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin, « Whether it was not true that his people, amid their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity, which was

not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines, of more polished society.”

“We pretend to it,” said Hayraddin, “and it is with justice.”

“How can it be that so high a gift is bestowed on so abject a race?” said Quentin.

“Can I tell you?” answered Hayraddin—
“Yes, I may indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of a man, while man, the nobler animal, hath no power to trace those of the dog. These powers, which seem to you so wonderful, are instinctive in our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand, we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring, what fruit it will bear in the harvest.”

“I doubt of your knowledge, and defy you to the proof.”

“Defy me not, Sir Squire,” said Maugrabin Hayraddin—“I can tell thee, that, say what you will of your religion, the goddess whom you worship rides in this company.”

“Peace!” said Quentin, in astonishment; “on thy life, not a word farther, but in answer to what I ask thee.—Canst thou be faithful?”

“I can—all men can,” said the Bohemian.

“But *wilt* thou be faithful?”

“Wouldst thou believe me the more should I swear it?” answered Maugrabin, with a sneer.

“Thy life is in my hand,” said the young Scot.

“Strike, and see whether I fear to die,” answered the Bohemian.

“Will money render thee a trusty guide?” demanded Durward.

“If I be not such without it, No,” replied the heathen.

“Then what will bind thee?” asked the Scot.

“Kindness,” replied the Bohemian.

“Shall I swear to show thee such, if thou art true guide to us on this pilgrimage?”

“No,” replied Hayraddin, “it were extravagant waste of a commodity so rare.—To thee I am bound already.”

“How?” exclaimed Durward, more surprised than ever.

“Remember the chesnut-trees on the banks of the Cher! The victim, whose body thou didst cut down, was my brother, Zamet the Maugrabin.”

“And yet,” said Quentin, “I find you in correspondence with those very officers by whom your brother was done to death; for it was one of them who directed me where to meet with you—the same, doubtless, who procured yonder ladies your services as a guide.”

“What can we do?” answered Hayraddin, gloomily—“These men deal with us as the sheep-dogs do with the flock; they protect us for a while, drive us hither and thither at their

pleasure, and always end by guiding us to the shambles.”

Quentin had afterwards occasion to learn that the Bohemian spoke truth in this particular, and that the provost-guard, employed to suppress the vagabond bands by which the kingdom was infested, entertained correspondence amongst them, and forbore, for a certain time, the exercise of their duty, which always at last ended in conducting their allies to the gallows. This is a sort of political relation between thief and officer, for the profitable exercise of their mutual professions, which has subsisted in all countries, and is by no means unknown to our own.

Durward, parting from the guide, fell back to the rest of the retinue, very little satisfied with the character of Hayraddin, and entertaining little confidence in the professions of gratitude which he had personally made to him. He proceeded to sound the other two men who had been assigned him for attendants, and he was concerned to find them stupid, and as unfit to assist him with counsel, as in the rencounter they had shewn themselves reluctant to use their weapons.

“It is all the better,” said Quentin to himself, his spirit rising with the apprehended difficulties of his situation; “that lovely young lady shall owe all to me.—What one hand—ay, and one head can do,—methinks I can boldly count

upon. I have seen my father's house on fire, and him and my brothers lying dead amongst the flames.—I gave not an inch back, but fought it out to the last. Now I am two years older, and have the best and fairest cause to bear me well, that ever kindled mettle within a brave man's bosom.»

Acting upon this resolution, the attention and activity which Quentin bestowed during the journey, had in it something that gave him the appearance of ubiquity. His principal and most favourite post was of course by the side of the ladies, who, sensible of his extreme attention to their safety, began to converse with him in almost the tone of familiar friendship, and appeared to take great pleasure in the *naïveté*, yet shrewdness, of his conversation. Yet Quentin did not suffer the fascination of this intercourse to interfere with the vigilant discharge of his duty.

If he was often by the side of the countesses, labouring to describe to the natives of a level country the Grampian mountains, and, above all, the beauties of Glen-houlakin,—he was as often riding with Hayraddin, in the front of the little cavalcade, questioning him about the road, and the resting-places, and recording his answers in his mind, to ascertain whether upon cross-examination he could discover any thing like meditated treachery. As often he was in the rear, endeavouring to secure the attach-

ment of the two horsemen, by kind words, gifts, and promises of additional recompense, when their task should be accomplished.

In this way they travelled for more than a week through by-paths and unfrequented districts, and by circuitous routes, in order to avoid large towns. Nothing remarkable occurred, though they now and then met strolling gangs of Bohemians, who respected them, as under the conduct of one of their tribe, — straggling soldiers, or perhaps banditti, who deemed their party too strong to be attacked, — or parties of the *marechaussée*, as they would now be termed, whom Louis, who searched the wounds of the land with steel and cautery, employed to suppress the disorderly bands which infested the interior. These last suffered them to pursue their way unmolested, by virtue of a pass-word, with which Quentin had been furnished for that purpose by the King himself.

Their resting-places were chiefly the monasteries, most of which were obliged by the rules of their foundation to receive pilgrims, under which character the ladies travelled, with hospitality, and without any troublesome inquiries into their rank and character, which most persons of distinction were desirous of concealing while in the discharge of their vows. The pretence of weariness was usually employed by the Countesses of Croye, as an ex-

cuse for instantly retiring to rest, and Quentin, as their major-domo, arranged all that was necessary betwixt them and their entertainers, with a shrewdness which saved them all trouble, and an alacrity that failed not to excite a corresponding degree of good will on the part of those who were thus sedulously attended to.

One circumstance gave Quentin peculiar trouble, which was the character and nation of his guide; who, as a heathen, and an infidel vagabond, addicted besides to occult arts (the badge of all his tribe), was looked upon as a very improper guest for the holy resting-places at which the company usually halted, and was with the utmost reluctance admitted within even the outer circuit of their walls. This was very embarrassing; for, on the one hand, it was necessary to keep in good humour a man who was possessed of the secret of their expedition; and on the other, Quentin deemed it indispensable to maintain a vigilant though secret watch on Hayraddin's conduct, in order that, as far as might be, he should hold no communication with any one without being observed. This of course was impossible, if the Bohemian was lodged without the precincts of the convent at which they stopped, and Durward could not help thinking that Hayraddin was desirous of bringing about this latter arrangement; for, instead of keeping himself

still and quiet in the quarters allotted to him, his conversation, tricks, and songs, were, at the same time, so entertaining to the novices and younger brethren, and so unedifying in the opinion of the seniors of the fraternity, that, in more cases than one, it required all the authority, supported by threats, which Quentin could exert over him, to restrain his irreverent and untimorous jocularities, and all the interest he could make with the superiors, to prevent the heathen hound from being thrust out of doors. He succeeded, however, by the adroit manner in which he apologized for the indecorums committed by their attendant, and the skill with which he hinted the hope of his being brought to a better sense of principles and behaviour, by the neighbourhood of holy reliques, consecrated buildings, and, above all, of men dedicated to religion.

But upon the tenth or twelfth day of their journey after they had entered Flanders, and were approaching the town of Namur, all the efforts of Quentin became inadequate to suppress the consequences of the scandal given by his heathen guide. The scene was a Franciscan convent, and of a strict and reformed order, and the prior, a man who afterwards died in the odour of sanctity. After rather more than the usual scruples (which were indeed in such a case to be expected), had been sur-

mounted, the obnoxious Bohemian at length obtained quarters in an out-house inhabited by a lay-brother, who acted as gardener. The ladies retired to their apartment, as usual, and the prior, who chanced to have some distant alliances and friends in Scotland, and who was fond of hearing foreigners tell of their native countries, invited Quentin, with whose mien and conduct he seemed much pleased, to a slight monastic refectory in his own cell. Finding the father a man of intelligence, Quentin did not neglect the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the state of affairs in the country of Liege, of which, during the last two days of their journey, he had heard such reports, as made him very apprehensive for the security of his charge during the remainder of their route, nay, even of the bishop's power to protect them, when they should be safely conducted to his residence. The replies of the prior were not very consolatory.

He said, that "the people of Liege were wealthy burghers, who, like Jehurun of old, had waxed fat and kicked—that they were uplifted in heart because of their wealth and their privileges—that they had divers disputes with the Duke of Burgundy, their liege lord, upon the subject of imposts and immunities—and that they had repeatedly broken out into open mutiny, whereat the Duke was so much

incensed, as being a man of a hot and fiery nature, that he had sworn, by Saint George, on the next provocation, he would make the city of Liege like to the desolation of Babylon, and the downfall of Tyre, a hissing and a reproach to the whole territory of Flanders.”

“And he is a prince, by all report, like to keep such a vow,” said Quentin; “so the men of Liege will probably beware how they give him occasion.”

“It were to be so hoped,” said the prior; “and such are the prayers of the godly in the land, who would not that man’s blood were poured forth like water, and that they should perish, even as utter castaways, ere they make their peace with Heaven. Also the good bishop labours night and day to preserve peace, as well becometh a servant of the altar, for it is written in holy scripture, *Beati pacifici* But”—here the good prior stopped with a deep sigh.

Quentin modestly urged the great importance of which it was to the ladies whom he attended, to have some assured information respecting the internal state of the country, and what an act of Christian charity it would be, if the worthy and reverend father would enlighten them upon that subject.

“It is one,” said the prior, “on which no man speaks with willingness; for those who

“speak evil of the powerful, *etiam in cubiculo*, may find that a winged thing shall carry the matter to his ears. Nevertheless, to render you, who seem an ingenuous youth, and your ladies, who are devout votaresses accomplishing a holy pilgrimage, the little service that is in my power, I will be plain with you.”

He then looked cautiously round, and lowered his voice, as if afraid of being overheard.

“The people of Liege,” he said, are privily instigated to their frequent mutinies by men of Belial, who pretend, but, as I hope, falsely, to have commission to that effect from our most Christian King; whom, however, I hold to deserve that term better than were consistent with his thus disturbing the peace of a neighbouring state. Yet so it is, that his name is freely used by those who uphold and inflame the discontents at Liege. There is moreover, in the land, a nobleman of good descent, and fame in warlike affairs; but otherwise, so to speak, *lapis offensionis et petra scandali*,—a stumbling-block of offence to the countries of Burgundy and Flanders. His name is William de la Marck.”

“Called William with the Beard,” said the young Scotchman, “or the Wild Boar of Ardennes?”

“And rightly so called, my son,” said the prior; “because he is as the wild boar of the forest, which treadeth down with his hoofs, and

rendeth with his tusks. And he hath formed to himself a band of more than a thousand men, all, like himself, contemners of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and holds himself independent of the Duke of Burgundy, and maintains himself and his followers by rapine and wrong, wrought without distinction, upon churchmen and laymen. *Imposuit manus in christos Domini*,—he hath stretched forth his hand upon the anointed of the Lord, regardless of what is written,—Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no wrong,—Even to our poor house did he send for sums of gold and sums of silver, as a ransom for our lives, and those of our brethren; to which we returned a Latin supplication, stating our inability to answer his demand, and exhorting him in the words of the preacher, *Ne moliaris amico tuo malum, cum habet in te fiduciam*. Nevertheless, this Gulielmus Barbatus, this William de la Marck, as completely ignorant of humane letters as of humanity itself, replied in his ridiculous jargon, ‘*Si non payatis, brulabo monasterium vestrum.*’”

“Of which rude Latin, however, you, my good father, were at no loss to conceive the interpretation?”

“Alas, my son,” said the prior, “Fear and Necessity are shrewd interpreters; and we were obliged to melt down the silver vessels of our altar to satisfy the rapacity of this cruel

chief— May Heaven requite it to him sevenfold ! *Pereat improbus— Amen, amen, anathema esto !*»

« I marvel,» said Quentin, « that the Duke of Burgundy, who is so strong and powerful, doth not bait this boar, of whose ravages I have already heard so much.»

« Alas ! my son,» said the prior, « he is now at Peronne, assembling his captains of hundreds and his captains of thousands to make war against France ; and thus, while Heaven hath set discord between the hearts of those great princes, the country is misused by such subordinate oppressors. But it is in evil time that the Duke neglects the cure of these internal gangrenes ; for this William de la Marck hath of late entertained open communication with Rouslaer and Pavillon, the chiefs of the discontented at Liege, and it is to be feared he will soon stir them up to some desperate enterprize.»

« But the bishop of Liege,» said Quentin, « he hath still power to subdue this disquiet and turbulent spirit—hath he not, good father ?—Your answer to this question concerns me much.»

« The bishop, my child,» replied the prior, « hath the sword of Saint Peter, as well as the keys. He hath power as a secular prince, and he hath the powerful protection of the House of Burgundy ; he hath also spiritual authority

as a prelate, and he supports both with a reasonable force of good soldiers and men-at-arms. This William de la Marck was bred in his household, and bound to him by many benefits. But he gave vent, even in the court of the bishop, to his fierce and blood-thirsty temper, and was expelled thence for a homicide, committed on one of the bishop's chief domestics. From thence forward, being banished from the good prelate's presence, he hath been his constant and unrelenting foe; and now, I grieve to say, he hath girded his loins, and strengthened his horn against him."

"You consider, then, the situation of the worthy prelate as being dangerous," said Quentin, very anxiously.

"Alas! my son," said the good Franciscan, "what or who is there in this weary wilderness, whom we may not hold as in danger? But Heaven forefend I should speak of the reverend prelate as one whose peril is imminent. He has much treasure, true counsellors, and brave soldiers; and, moreover, a messenger who passed hither to the eastward yesterday, saith that the Duke hath dispatched, upon the bishop's request, an hundred men-at-arms, who, with the retinue belonging to each lance, are enough to deal with William de la Marck, on whose name be sorrow! Amen."

At this crisis their conversation was interrupted by the sacristan, who, in a voice almost

inarticulate with anger, accused the Bohemian of having practised the most abominable arts of delusion among the younger brethren. He had added to their nightly meal cups of a heady and intoxicating cordial, of ten times the strength of the most powerful wine, under which several of the fraternity had succumbed, — and indeed, although the sacristan had been strong to resist its influence, they might yet see, from his inflamed countenance and thick speech, that even he, the accuser himself, was in some degree affected by this unhallowed potation. Moreover, the Bohemian had sung songs of worldly vanity and impure pleasures; he had derided the cord of Saint Francis, made jest of his miracles, and termed his votaries fools and lazy knaves. Lastly, he had practised palmistry, and foretold to the young Father Cherubin, that he was beloved by a beautiful lady, who should make him father to a thriving boy.”

The father prior listened to these complaints for some time in silence, as struck with mute horror by their enormous atrocity. When the sacristan had concluded, he rose up, descended to the court of the convent, and ordered the lay brethren, on pain of the worst consequences of spiritual disobedience, to beat Hayraddin out of the sacred precincts, with their broom-staves and cart-whips.

This sentence was executed accordingly, in

the presence of Quentin Durward, who, howsoever vexed at the occurrence, easily saw that his interference would be of no avail.

The discipline inflicted upon the delinquent, notwithstanding the exhortations of the superior, was more ludicrous than formidable. The Bohemian ran hither and thither through the court, amongst the clamour of voices, and noise of blows, some of which reached him not, because purposely mis-aimed; others, designed for his person, were eluded by his activity; and the few that fell upon his back and shoulders, he took without either complaint or reply. The noise and riot was the greater, that the inexperienced cudgel-players, among whom Hayraddin ran the gauntlet, hit each other more frequently than they did him, till at length desirous of ending a scene which was more scandalous than edifying, the prior commanded the wicket to be flung open, and the Bohemian, darting through it with the speed of lightning, fled forth into the moon-light.

During this scene, a suspicion which Durward had formerly entertained recurred with additional strength. Hayraddin had, that very morning, promised to him more modest and discreet behaviour than he was wont to exhibit, when they rested in a convent on their journey; yet he had broken his engagement, and had been even more offensively obstrepe-

rous than usual. Something probably lurked under this; for whatever were the Bohemian's deficiencies, he lacked neither sense, nor, when he pleased, self-command; and might it not be probable that he wished to hold some communication, either with his own horde or some one else, from which he was debarred in the course of the day, by the vigilance with which he was watched by Quentin, and had recourse to this stratagem in order to get himself turned out of the convent?

No sooner did this suspicion dart once more through Quentin's mind, than, alert as he always was in his motions, he resolved to follow his cudgelled guide, and observe (secretly if possible) how he disposed of himself. Accordingly, when the Bohemian fled, as already mentioned, out at the gate of the convent, Quentin, hastily explaining to the prior the necessity of keeping sight of his guide, followed in pursuit of him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESPIED SPY.

What, the rude ranger? and spied spy?—hands off—
You are for no such rustics.

BEN JONSON'S *Tale of Robin Hood*.

WHEN Quentin sallied from the convent, he could mark the precipitate retreat of the Bohemian, whose dark figure was seen in the far moon-light, flying with the speed of a flogged hound quite through the street of the little village, and across the level meadow that lay beyond.

“My friend runs fast,” said Quentin to himself; “but he must run faster yet to escape the fleetest foot ever pressed the heather of Glen-houlakin.”

Being fortunately without his cloak and armour, the Scottish mountaineer was at liberty to put forth a speed which was unrivalled in his own glens, and which, notwithstanding the rate at which the Bohemian ran, was like soon to bring his pursuer up with him. This

was not, however, Quentin's object; for he considered it more essential to watch his motions, than to interrupt them. He was the rather led to this, by the steadiness with which the Bohemian directed his course; and which continuing, even after the impulse of the violent expulsion had subsided, seemed to indicate that his career had some more certain goal for its object than could have suggested itself to a person unexpectedly turned out of good quarters, when midnight was approaching, to seek a new place of repose. He never even looked behind him; and consequently Durward was enabled to follow him unobserved. At length the Bohemian having traversed the meadow, and attained the side of a little stream, the sides of which were clothed with alders and willows, Quentin observed that he stood still, and blew a low note on his horn, which was answered by a whistle at some little distance.

«This is a rendezvous,» thought Quentin; «but how shall I come near enough to overhear the import of what passes? the sound of my steps, and the rustling of the boughs through which I must force my passage will betray me, unless I am cautious—I will stalk them, by Saint Andrew, as if they were Glen-Isla deer—they shall learn that I have not conned woodcraft for nought. Yonder they meet, the two shadows—and two of them

there are—odds against me if I am discovered, and if their purpose be unfriendly, as is much to be doubted. And then the Countess Isabelle loses her poor friend!—Well—and he were not worthy to be called such, if he were not ready to meet a dozen in her behalf.—Have I not crossed swords with Dunois, the best knight in France, and shall I fear a tribe of yonder vagabonds?—Pshaw—God and Saint Andrew to friend, they will find me both stout and wary.”

Thus resolving, and with a degree of caution taught him by his sylvan habits, our friend descended into the channel of the little stream, which varied in depth, sometimes scarce covering his shoes, sometimes coming up to his knees, and so crept along, his form concealed by the boughs overhanging the bank, and his steps unheard amid the ripple of the water. (We have ourselves, in the days of yore, thus approached the nest of the wakeful raven.) In this manner, the Scot drew near unperceived, until he distinctly heard the voices of those who were the subject of his observation, though he could not distinguish the words. Being at this time under the drooping branches of a magnificent weeping willow, which almost swept the surface of the water, he caught hold of one of its boughs, by the assistance of which, exerting at once much agility, dexterity, and strength, he raised himself up into the body of

the tree, and sate, secure from discovery, among the central branches.

From this situation he could discover that the person with whom Hayraddin was now conversing was one of his own tribe, and, at the same time, he perceived, to his great disappointment, that no approximation could enable him to comprehend their language, which was totally unknown to him. They laughed much; and as Hayraddin made a sign of skipping about, and ended by rubbing his shoulder with his hand, Durward had no doubt that he was relating the story of the bastinading, which he had sustained previous to his escape from the convent.

On a sudden, a whistle was again heard in the distance, which was once more answered by a low tone or two of Hayraddin's horn. Presently afterwards a tall stout soldierly-looking man, a strong contrast in point of thewes and sinews to the small and slender-limbed Bohemians, made his appearance. He had a broad baldrick over his shoulder, which sustained a sword that hung almost across his person; his hose were much slashed, through which slashes was drawn silk or tiffany, of various colours; they were tied by at least five hundred points or strings, made of ribband, to the tight buff-jacket which he wore, and the right sleeve of which displayed a silver boar's head, the crest of his captain. A very small

hat sate jauntily on one side of his head, from which descended a quantity of curled hair, which fell on each side of a broad face, and mingled with as broad a beard, about four inches long. He held a long lance in his hand; and his whole equipment was that of one of the German adventurers, who were known by the name of Lanzknechts, in English, spearmen, who constituted a formidable part of the infantry of the period. These mercenaries were, of course, a fierce and rapacious soldiery, and having an idle tale current among themselves, that a Lanzknecht was refused admittance into heaven on account of his vices, and into hell on the score of his tumultuous, mutinous, and insubordinate disposition, they manfully acted as if they neither sought the one, nor eschewed the other.

« Donner and blitz!» was his first salutation, in a sort of German-French, which we can only imperfectly imitate, « Why have you kept me dancing in attendance dis dree nights?»

« I could not see you sooner, Meinheer,» said Hayraddin, very submissively; « there is a young Scot, with as quick an eye as the wild-cat, who watches my least motions. He suspects me already, and, should he find his suspicion confirmed, I were a dead man on the spot, and he would carry back the women into France again.»

« Was henker!» said the Lanzknecht; « we

are three—we will attack them to-morrow, and carry the women off without going farther. You said the two valets were cowards—you and your comrade may manage them, and the Teufel sall hold me, but I match your Scots wild-cat.”

“You will find that fool-hardy,” said Hayraddin; “for, besides that we ourselves count not much in fighting, this spark hath matched himself with the best knight in France, and come off with honour—I have seen those who saw him press Dunois hard enough.”

“Hagel and sturmwetter! It is but your cowardice that speaks,” said the German soldier.

“I am no more a coward than yourself,” said Hayraddin; “but my trade is not fighting.—If you keep the appointment where it was laid, it is well—if not, I guide them safely to the bishop’s palace, and William de la Marck may easily possess himself of them there, providing he is half as strong as he pretended a week since.”

“Poz tausend!” said the soldier, “we are as strong and stronger; but we hear of a hundreds of the lances of Burgund,—das ist,—see you,—five men to a lance do make five hundreds, and then, hold me the devil, they will be fainer to seek for us, than we to seek for them; for der bischoff hath a goot force on footing—ay, indeed!”

« You must then hold to the ambuscade, at the Cross of the Three Kings, or give up the adventure,» said the Bohemian.

« Geb up—geb up the adventure of the rich bride for our noble hauptman — Teufel! I will charge through hell first.—Mein soul, we will be all princes and hertzogs, whom they call dukes, and we will hab a snab at the weinkellar, and at the mouldy French crowns, and it may be at the pretty garces too, when he with de beard is weary on them.»

« The ambuscade at the Cross of the Three Kings then still holds,» said the Bohemian.

« Mein Got, ay,—you will swear to bring them there; and when they are on their knees before the cross, and down from off their horses, which all men do, except such black heathens as thou, we will make in on them, and they are ours.»

« Ay; but I promised this piece of necessary villany only on one condition,» said Hayradin.—« I will not have a hair of the young man's head touched. If you swear this to me, by your Three dead Men of Cologne, I will swear to you, by the Seven Night Walkers, that I will serve you truly as to the rest. And if you break your oath, the Night Walkers shall wake you seven nights from your sleep, between night and morning, and, on the eighth, they shall strangle and devour you.»

« But, donner and hagel, what need you be

so curious about the life of this boy, who is neither your blood nor kin?" said the German.

"No matter for that, honest Heinrick; some men have pleasure in cutting throats, some in keeping them whole—So swear to me, that you will spare him life and limb, or, by the bright star Aldeboran, this matter shall go no farther—Swear, and by the Three Kings, as you call them, of Cologne—I know you care for no other oath."

"Du bist ein comische man," said the Lanzknecht, "I was swear——"

"Not yet," said the Bohemian—"Faces about, brave Lanzknecht, and look to the east, else the Kings may not hear you."

The soldier took the oath in manner prescribed, and then declared that he would be in readiness, observing the place was quite convenient, being scarce five miles from their present leaguer.

"But, were it not making sure work to have a fahnlein of riders on the other road, by the left side of the inn, which might trap them if they go that way?"

The Bohemian considered a moment, and then answered, "No—the appearance of their troops in that direction might alarm the garrison of Namur, and then they would have a doubtful fight, instead of assured success. Besides, they shall travel on the right bank of the Maes, for I can guide them which way I

will; for sharp as this same Scottish mountaineer is, he hath never asked any one's advice, save mine, upon the direction of their route.—Undoubtedly, I was assigned to him by an assured friend, whose word no man mistrusts till they come to know him a little.”

“Hark ye, friend Hayraddin,” said the soldier, “I would ask you somewhat.—You and your bruder were, as you say yourself, gross sternen-deuter, that is, star-lookers and giester-seers—Now, what henker was it made you not foresee him to be hanged?”

“I will tell you, Heinrick,” said Hayraddin; —“if I could have known my brother was such a fool as to tell the counsel of King Louis to Duke Charles of Burgundy, I could have foretold his death as sure as I can foretell fair weather in July. Louis hath both ears and hands at the Court of Burgundy, and Charles's counsellors love the chink of French gold as well as thou doest the clatter of a wine-pot.—But fare thee well, and keep appointment—I must await my early Scot a bow-shot without the gate of the den of the lazy swine yonder, else will he think me about some excursion which bodes no good to the success of his journey.”

“Take a draught of comfort first,” said the Lanzknecht, tendering him a flask,—“but I forget; thou art beast enough to drink nothing

but water, like a vile vassal of Mahound and Termagund.”

“Thou art thyself a vassal of the wine-measure, and the flagon,” said the Bohemian,—“I marvel not that thou art only trusted with the blood-thirsty, and the violent part of executing what better heads have devised.—He must drink no wine, who would know the thoughts of others, or hide his own. But why preach to thee, who hast a thirst as eternal as a sand-bank in Arabia?—Fare thee well.—Take my comrade Tuisco with thee—his appearance about the monastery may breed suspicion.”

The two worthies parted, after each had again pledged himself to keep the rendezvous at the Cross of the Three Kings.

Quentin Durward watched until they were out of sight, and then descended from his place of concealment, his heart throbbing at the narrow escape which he and his fair charge had made—if, indeed, it could yet be achieved,—from a deep-laid plan of villany. Afraid, on his return to the monastery, of stumbling upon Hayraddin, he made a long detour, at the expense of traversing some very rough ground, and was thus enabled to return to his asylum on a different point from that on which he left it.

On the route, he communed earnestly with himself concerning the safest plan to be pursued. He had formed the resolution, when

he first heard Hayraddin avow his treachery, to put him to death so soon as the conference broke up, and his companions were at a sufficient distance; but when he heard the Bohemian express so much interest in saving his own life, he felt it would be difficult for him to execute upon him, in its rigour, the punishment his treachery had deserved. He therefore resolved to spare his life, and even, if possible, still to use his services as a guide, under such precautions as should ensure the security of the precious charge, to the preservation of which his own life was internally devoted.

But whither were they to turn—the countesses of Croye could neither obtain shelter in Burgundy, from which they had fled, nor in France, from which they had been in a manner expelled. The violence of Duke Charles in the one country, was scarce more to be feared than the cold and tyrannical policy of King Louis in the other. After deep thought, Durward could form no better or safer plan for their safety, than that, evading the ambuscade, they should take the road to Liege by the left hand of the Maes, and throw themselves, as the ladies themselves originally designed, upon the protection of the excellent bishop. That prelate's will to protect them could not be doubted, and, if reinforced by this Burgundian party of men-at-arms, he might be considered

as having the power. At any rate, if the dangers to which he was exposed from the hostility of William de la Marck, and from the troubles in the city of Liege, appeared imminent, he could still protect the unfortunate ladies until they could be dispatched to Germany with a suitable escort.

To sum up this reasoning, for when is a mental argument conducted without some reference to selfish considerations?—Quentin imagined that the death or captivity to which King Louis had, in cold blood, consigned him, set him at liberty from his engagements to the Crown of France; which, therefore, it was his determined purpose to renounce. The bishop of Liege was likely, he concluded, to need soldiers, and he thought that, by the interposition of his fair friends, who now, especially the elder countess, treated him with much familiarity, he might get some command, and perhaps might have the charge of conducting the ladies of Croye to some place more safe than the neighbourhood of Liege. And to conclude, the ladies had talked, although almost in a sort of jest, of raising the countess's own vassals, and, as others did in these stormy times, fortifying her strong castle against all assailants whatsoever; they had jestingly asked Quentin, whether he would accept the perilous office of their seneschal; and, on his accepting the office with ready glee and devotion, they had, in the

same spirit. permitted him to kiss both their hands on that confidential and honourable appointment. Nay, he thought that the hand of the Countess Isabelle, one of the best formed and most beautiful to which true vassal ever did such homage, trembled when his lips rested on it a moment longer than ceremony required, and that some confusion appeared on her cheek and in her eye as she withdrew it. Something might come of all this: and what brave man, at Quentin Durward's age, but would gladly have taken the thoughts which it awakened into the considerations which were to determine his conduct?

✓ This point settled, he had next to consider in what degree he was to use the further guidance of the faithless Bohemian. He had renounced his first thought of killing him in the wood, and if he took another guide, and dismissed him alive, it would be sending the traitor to the camp of William de la Marck, with intelligence of their motions. He thought of taking the prior into his councils, and requesting him to detain the Bohemian by force until they should have time to reach the bishop's castle; but, on reflection, he dared not hazard such a proposition to one who was timid both as an old man and a friar, who held the safety of his convent the most important object of his duty, and who trembled at the mention of the Wild Boar of Ardennes.

At length Durward settled a plan of operation, on which he could the better reckon, as the execution rested entirely upon himself; and in the cause in which he was engaged, he felt himself capable of every thing. With a firm and bold heart, though conscious of the dangers of his situation, Quentin might be compared to one walking under a load, of the weight of which he is conscious, but which yet is not beyond his strength and power of endurance. Just as his plan was determined, he reached the convent.

Upon knocking gently at the gate, a brother, considerately stationed for that purpose by the prior, opened it, and acquainted him that the brethren were to be stationed in the choir till day-break, 'praying Heaven to forgive to the community the various scandals which had that evening taken place among them.

The worthy friar offered Quentin permission to attend their devotions; but his clothes were in such a wet condition, that the young Scot was obliged to decline the opportunity, and request permission instead to sit by the kitchen fire, in order to his attire being dried before morning, as he was particularly desirous that the Bohemian, when they should next meet, should observe no traces of his having been abroad during the night. The friar not only granted his request, but afforded him his own company, which fell in very happily

with the desire which Durward had to obtain information concerning the two routes which he had heard mentioned by the Bohemian in his conversation with the Lanzknecht. The friar, entrusted upon many occasions with the business of the convent abroad, was the person in the fraternity best qualified to afford him the information he requested, but observed that, as true pilgrims, it became the duty of the ladies whom Quentin escorted to take the road on the right side of the Maes, by the Cross of the Kings, where the blessed reliques of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar (as the Catholic Church has named the eastern Magi who came to Bethlehem with their offerings), had rested as they were transported to Cologne, and on which spot they had wrought many miracles.

Quentin replied, that the ladies were determined to observe all the holy stations with the utmost punctuality, and would certainly visit that of the cross, either in going to, or returning from Cologne, but they had heard reports that the road by the right side of the river was at present rendered unsafe by the soldiers of the ferocious William de la Marck.

“Now may Heaven forbid,” said Father Francis, “that the Wild Boar of Ardennes should again make his lair so near us!—Nevertheless, the broad Maes will be a good barrier betwixt us, even should it so chance.”

« But it will be no barrier between my ladies and the marauder, should we cross the river, and travel on the right bank,» answered the Scot.

« Heaven will protect its own, young man,» said the friar; « for it were hard to think that the kings of yonder blessed city of Cologne, who will not endure that a Jew or Infidel should even enter within the walls of their town, could be oblivious enough to permit their worshippers, coming to their shrine as true pilgrims, to be plundered and misused by such a miscreant dog as this Boar of Ardennes, who is worse than a whole desert of Saracen heathens, and all the ten tribes of Israel to boot.»

Whatever reliance Quentin, as a sincere Catholic, was bound to rest upon the special protection of Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar, he could not but recollect, that the pilgrim habits of the ladies being assumed out of mere earthly policy, he and his charge could scarce expect their countenance on the present occasion; and therefore resolved, as far as possible, to avoid placing the ladies in any predicament where miraculous interposition might be necessary; whilst, in the simplicity of his good faith, he himself vowed a pilgrimage to the Three Kings of Cologne in his own proper person, providing the simulate design of those over whose safety he was now watchful, should

be permitted by those reasonable and royal, as well as sainted personages, to attain the desired effect.

That he might enter into this obligation with all solemnity, he requested the friar to show him into one of the various chapels which opened from the main body of the church of the convent, where, upon his knees, and with sincere devotion, he ratified the vow which he had made internally. The distant sound of the choir, the solemnity of the deep and dead hour which he had chosen for this act of devotion, the effect of the glimmering lamp with which the little Gothic building was illuminated—all contributed to throw Quentin's mind into the state when it most readily acknowledges its human frailty, and seeks that supernatural aid and protection, which, in every worship, must be connected with repentance for past sins and resolutions of future amendment. That the object of his devotion was misplaced, was not the fault of Quentin; and, its purpose being sincere, we can scarce suppose it unacceptable to the only true Deity, who regards the motives and not the forms of prayer, and in whose eyes the sincere devotion of a heathen is more estimable than the specious hypocrisy of a Pharisee.

Having commended himself and his helpless companions to the saints, and to the keeping of

Providence, Quentin at length retired to rest, leaving the friar much edified by the depth and sincerity of his devotion.

CHAPTER VIII.

PALMISTRY.

When many a merry tale and many a song
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long.
The rough road, then, returning in a round,
Mock'd our enchanted steps, for all was fairy ground.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

By peep of day Quentin Durward had forsaken his little cell, had roused the sleepy grooms, and, with more than his wonted care, seen that every thing was prepared for the day's journey. Girths and bridles, the horse-furniture, and the shoes of the horses themselves, were carefully inspected with his own eyes, that there might be as little chance as possible of the occurrence of any of those casualties, which, petty as they seem, often interrupt or disconcert a journey. The horses were also under his own inspection carefully fed, so as to render them fit for a long day's journey, or, if that should be necessary, for a hasty flight.

Quentin then betook himself to his own chamber, armed himself with unusual care, and belted on his sword with the feeling at once of approaching danger, and of stern determination to dare it to the uttermost.

These generous feelings gave him a loftiness of step, and a dignity of manner, which the ladies of Croye had not yet observed in him, though they had been highly pleased and interested by the grace, yet *naïveté*, of his general behaviour and conversation, and the mixture of shrewd intelligence which naturally belonged to him, with the simplicity arising from his secluded education and distant country. He let them understand, that it would be necessary that they should prepare for their journey this morning rather earlier than usual; and, accordingly, they left the convent immediately after a morning repast, for which, as well as the other hospitalities of the house, the ladies made acknowledgment by a donation to the altar, befitting rather their rank than their appearance. But this excited no suspicion, as they were supposed to be Englishwomen; and the attribute of superior wealth attached at that time to the insular character as strongly as in our own day.

The prior blessed them as they mounted to depart, and congratulated Quentin on the absence of his heathen guide; «for,» said the venerable man «better stumble in the path,

than be upheld by the arm of a thief or robber.”

Quentin was not quite of his opinion; for, dangerous as he knew the Bohemian to be, he thought he could use his services, and, at the same time, baffle his treasonable purpose, now that he saw clearly to what it tended. But his anxiety upon this subject was soon at an end, for the little cavalcade was not an hundred yards from the monastery and the village before Maugrabin joined it, riding as usual on his little active and wild-looking jennet. Their road led them along the side of the same brook where Quentin had overheard the mysterious conference of the preceding evening, and Hayraddin had not long rejoined them, ere they passed under the very willow tree which had afforded Durward the means of concealment, when he became an unsuspected hearer of what then passed betwixt that false guide, and the Lanzknecht.

The recollections which the spot brought back stirred Quentin to enter abruptly into conversation with his guide, whom hitherto he had scarce spoken to.

“Where hast thou found night-quarter, thou profane knave?” said the Scot.

“Your wisdom may guess, by looking on my gabardine,” answered the Bohemian, pointing to his dress, which was covered with the seeds of hay.

“A good hay-stack,” said Quentin, “is a convenient bed for an astrologer, and a much better than a heathen scoffer at our blessed religion, and its ministers, ever deserves.”

“It suited my Klepper better than me though,” said Hayraddin, patting his horse on the neck; “for he had food and shelter at the same time. The old bald fools turned him loose, as if a wise man’s horse could have infected with wit or sagacity a whole convent of asses. Lucky that Klepper knows my whistle, and follows me as truly as a hound, or we had never met again, and you in your turn might have whistled for a guide.”

“I have told thee more than once,” said Durward, sternly, “to restrain thy ribaldry when thou chancest to be in worthy men’s company, a thing which, I believe, hath rarely happened to thee in thy life before now; and I promise thee that, did I hold thee as faithless a guide as I esteem thee a blasphemous and worthless caitiff, my Scottish dirk and thy heathenish heart had ere now been acquainted, although the doing such a deed were as ignoble as the sticking of swine.”

“A wild boar is near a-kin to a sow,” said the Bohemian, without flinching from the sharp look with which Quentin regarded him, or altering, in the slightest degree, the caustic indifference which he affected in his language;

“and many men,” he subjoined, “find both pride, pleasure, and profit in sticking them.”

Astonished at the man’s ready confidence, and uncertain whether he did not know more of his own history and feelings than was pleasant for him to converse upon, Quentin broke off a conversation in which he had gained no advantage over Maugrabin, and fell back to his accustomed post beside the ladies.

We have already observed, that a considerable degree of familiarity had begun to establish itself between them. The elder countess treated him (being once well assured of the nobility of his birth) like a favoured equal; and though her niece showed her regard to their protector less freely, yet, under every disadvantage of bashfulness and timidity, Quentin thought he could plainly perceive that his company and conversation were not by any means indifferent to her.

Nothing gives such life and soul to youthful gaiety as the consciousness that it is successfully received, and Quentin had accordingly, during the former period of their journey, amused his fair charge with the liveliness of his conversation, and the songs and tales of his native country, the former of which he sung in his native language, while his efforts to render the latter into his foreign and imperfect French, gave rise to a hundred little mistakes and errors of speech, as diverting as

the narratives themselves. But on this anxious morning, he rode beside the ladies of Croye without any of his usual attempts to amuse them, and they could not help observing his silence as something remarkable.

« Our young champion has seen a wolf, » said the Lady Hameline, alluding to an ancient superstition, « and he has lost his tongue in consequence. »

« To say I had tracked a fox were nearer the mark, » thought Quentin, but gave the reply no utterance.

« Are you well, Seignor Quentin ? » said the Countess Isabelle, in a tone of interest at which she herself blushed, while she felt that it was something more than the distance between them warranted.

« He hath sate up carousing with the jolly friars, » said the Lady Hameline ; « the Scots are like the Germans, who spend all their mirth over the Rhein-wein, and bring only their staggering steps to the dance in the evening, and their aching heads to the ladies' bower in the morning. »

« Nay, gentle ladies, » said Quentin, « I deserve not your reproach. The good friars were at their devotions almost all night ; and for myself, my drink was barely a cup of their thinnest and most ordinary wine. »

« It is the badness of his cheer that has put him out of humour, » said the Countess Isabelle,

“Cheer up, Seignor Quentin; and should we ever visit my ancient Castle of Bracquemont together, if I myself should stand your cup-bearer, and hand it to you, you shall have a generous cup of wine, that the like never grew upon the vines of Hochheim or Johannisberg.”

“A glass of water, noble lady, from *your* hand”—Thus far did Quentin begin, but his voice trembled; and Isabelle continued, as if she had been insensible of the tenderness of the accentuation upon the personal pronoun.

“The wine was stocked in the deep vaults of Bracquemont, by my great-grandfather the Rhingrave Godfrey.”

“Who won the hand of her great-grandmother,” said the Lady Hameline, interrupting her niece, “by proving himself the best son of chivalry, at the great tournament of Strasbourg—ten knights were slain in the lists. But these days are now over, and no one now thinks of encountering peril for the sake of honour, or to relieve distressed beauty.”

To this speech, which was made in the tone in which a modern beauty, whose charms are rather on the wane, may be heard to condemn the rudeness of the present age, Quentin took upon him to reply, “that there was no lack of that chivalry which the Lady Hameline seemed to consider as extinct, and that, were it eclipsed everywhere else, it would still glow in the bosoms of the Scottish gentlemen.”

«Hear him!» said the Lady Hameline; «he would have us believe that in his cold and bleak country still lives the noble fire which has decayed in France and Germany! The poor youth is like a Swiss mountaineer, mad with partiality to his native land—he will next tell us of the vines and olives of Scotland.»

«No, madam,» said Durward; «of the wine and the oil of our mountains I can say little more, than that our swords can compel these rich productions, as tribute from our wealthier neighbours. But for the unblemished faith and unfaded honour of Scotland, I must now put to the proof how far you can repose trust in them, however mean the individual who can offer nothing more as a pledge of your safety.»

«You speak mysteriously—you know of some pressing and present danger,» said the Lady Hameline.

«I have read it in his eye for this hour past,» exclaimed the Lady Isabelle, clasping her hands. «Sacred Virgin, what will become of us!»

«Nothing, I hope, but what you would desire,» answered Durward. «And now I am compelled to ask—Gentle Ladies, can you trust me?»

«Trust you?» answered the Countess Hameline—«Certainly—But why the question? Or how far do you ask our confidence?»

«I, on my part,» said the Countess Isabelle,

“trust you implicitly, and without condition. If you can deceive us, Quentin, I will no more look for truth, save in heaven.”

“Gentle lady, “replied Durward, highly gratified, “you do me but justice. My object is to alter our route, by proceeding directly by the left bank of the Maes to Liege, instead of crossing at Namur. This differs from the order assigned by King Louis, and the instructions given to the guide. But I heard news in the monastery, of marauders on the right bank of the Maes, and of the march of Burgundian soldiers to suppress them. Both circumstances alarm me for your safety. Have I your permission so far to deviate from the route of your journey?”

“My ample and full permission,” said the younger lady.

“Cousin,” said the Lady Hameline, “I believe with you, that the youth means us well;—but bethink you—we transgress the instructions of King Louis, so positively iterated.”

“And why should we regard his instructions?” said the Lady Isabelle. “I am, I thank Heaven for it, no subject of his; and, as a suppliant, he has abused the confidence he induced me to repose in him. I would not dishonour this young gentleman by weighing his word for an instant against the injunctions of yonder crafty and selfish despot.”

“Now, may God bless you for that very word,

lady," said Quentin, joyously; "and if I deserve not the trust it expresses, tearing with wild horses in this life, and eternal tortures in the next, were e'en too good for my deserts."

So saying, he spurred his horse, and rejoined the Bohemian. This worthy seemed of a remarkably passive if not a forgiving temper. Injury or threat never dwelt, or at least seemed not to dwell, on his recollection; and he entered into the conversation which Durward presently commenced, just as if there had been no unkindly word betwixt them in the course of the morning.

The dog, thought the Scotchman, snarls not now, because he intends to clear scores with me at once and for ever, when he can snatch me by the very throat; but we will try for once whether we cannot foil a traitor at his own weapons. "Honest Hayraddin," he said, "thou hast travelled with us for ten days, yet hast never shown us a specimen of your skill in fortune-telling; which you are, nevertheless, so fond of practising, that you must needs display your gifts in every convent at which we stop, at the risk of being repaid by a night's lodging under a hay-stack."

"You have never asked me for a specimen of my skill," said the gypsy. "You are like the rest of the world, contented to ridicule those mysteries which they do not understand."

« Give me a proof of your skill, » said Quentin; and, ungloving his hand, he held it out to the gypsy.

Hayraddin carefully regarded all the lines which crossed each other on the Scotchman's palm, and noted, with equally scrupulous attention the little risings or swellings at the roots of the fingers, which were then believed as intimately connected with the disposition, habits, and fortunes of the individual, as the organs of the brain are pretended to be in our own time.

« Here is a hand, » said Hayraddin, « which speaks of toils endured, and dangers encountered. I read in it an early acquaintance with the hilt of the sword; and yet some acquaintance also with the clasps of the mass-book. »

« This of my past life you may have learned elsewhere, » said Quentin; « tell me something of the future. »

« This line from the hill of Venus, » said the Bohemian, « not broken off abruptly, but attending and accompanying the line of life, argues a certain and large fortune by marriage, whereby the party shall be raised among the wealthy and the noble by the influence of successful love. »

« Such promises you make to all who ask your advice, » said Quentin; « they are part of your art. »

«What I tell you is as certain,» said Hayraddin, «as that you shall in brief space be menaced with mighty danger; which I infer from this bright blood-red line cutting the table-line transversely, and intimating stroke of sword, or other violence, from which you shall only be saved by the attachment of a faithful friend.»

«Thyself, ha?» said Quentin, somewhat indignant that the chiromantist should thus practise on his credulity, and endeavour to found a reputation by predicting the consequences of his own treachery.

«My art,» replied the Zingaro, «tells me nought that concerns myself.»

«In this, then, the seers of my land,» said Quentin, «excel your boasted knowledge; for their skill teaches them the dangers by which they are themselves beset. I left not my hills without having felt a portion of the double vision with which their inhabitants are gifted; and I will give thee a proof of it, in exchange for thy specimen of palmistry. Hayraddin, the danger which threatens me lies on the right bank of the river—I will avoid it by travelling to Liege on the left bank.»

The guide listened with an apathy which, knowing the circumstances in which Hayraddin stood, Quentin could not by any means comprehend. «If you accomplish your purpose,» was the Bohemian's reply, «the danger-

ous crisis will be transferred from your lot to mine.”

“I thought,” said Quentin, “that you said but now, that you could not presage your own fortune?”

“Not in the manner in which I have but now told you yours,” answered Hayraddin; “but it requires little knowledge of Louis of Valois, to presage that he will hang your guide, because your pleasure was to deviate from the road which he recommended.”

“The attaining with safety the purpose of the journey, and ensuring its happy termination,” said Quentin, “must atone for a deviation from the exact line of the prescribed route.”

“Ay,” replied the Bohemian, “if you are sure that the King thought of the same termination of the pilgrimage which he insinuated to you.”

“And of what other termination is it possible that he could have been meditating? or why should you suppose he had any purpose in his thought, other than was avowed in his direction?” answered Quentin.

“Simply,” replied the Zingaro, “that those who know aught of the Most Christian King, are aware, that the purpose about which he seems most anxious is always that which he is least willing to declare. Let our gracious Louis send twelve embassies, and I will forfeit my neck to the gallows a year before it is due, if

in eleven of them there is not something at the bottom of the ink-horn more than the pen has written in the letters of credence.»

« I regard not your foul suspicions, » replied Quentin; « my duty is plain and peremptory—to convey these ladies in safety to Liege; and I take it on me to think that I best discharge that duty in changing our prescribed route, and keeping the left side of the river Maes. It is likewise the direct road to Liege. By crossing the river, we should lose time, and incur fatigue, to no purpose—Wherefore should we do so? »

« Only because pilgrims, as they call themselves, destined for Cologne, » said Hayraddin, « do not usually descend the Maes so low as Liege; and that the route of the ladies will be accounted contradictory of their professed destination. »

« If we are challenged on that account, » said Quentin, « we will say that alarms of the wicked Duke of Gueldres, or of William de la Marck, or of the *Escorcheurs* and *Lanzknechts*, on the right side of the river, justifies our holding by the left, instead of our intended route. »

« As you will, my good seignor, » replied the Bohemian—« I am, for my part, equally ready to guide you down the left as down the right side of the Maes—Your excuse to your master you must make out for yourself. »

Quentin, although rather surprised, was, at

the same time, delighted with the ready, or at least the unrepugnant acquiescence of Hayraddin in their change of route, for he needed his assistance as a guide, and yet had feared that the disconcerting of his intended act of treachery would have driven him to extremity. Besides, to expel the Bohemian from their society, would have been the ready mode to bring down William de la Marck, with whom he was in correspondence, upon their intended route, whereas, while with them, Quentin thought he could manage to prevent Hayraddin having any communication with strangers, unless he was himself aware of it.

Leaving off, therefore, all thoughts of their original route, the little party followed that by the left bank of the broad Maes, so speedily and successfully, that the next day early brought them to the purposed end of their journey. They found that the bishop of Liege, for the sake of his health, as he himself alleged, but rather, perhaps, to avoid being surprised by the numerous and mutinous population of the city, had established his residence in his beautiful Castle of Schonwaldt, about a mile without Liege.

Just as they approached the castle, they saw the prelate returning in long procession from the neighbouring city, in which he had been officiating at the performance of high mass. He was at the head of a splendid train of reli-

gious, civil, and military men, mingled together, or, as the old ballad-maker expresses it,

« With many a cross-bearer before,
And many a spear behind.»

The procession made a noble appearance, as, winding along the verdant banks of the broad Maes, it wheeled into, and was as it were devoured by, the huge Gothic portal of the episcopal residence.

But when the party came more near, they found that circumstances around the castle argued a doubt and sense of insecurity, which contradicted that display of pomp and power which they had just witnessed. Strong guards of the bishop's soldiers were heedfully maintained all around the mansion and its immediate vicinity, and the prevailing appearances, in an ecclesiastical court, seemed to argue a sense of danger in the reverend prelate, who found it necessary thus to surround himself with all the defensive precautions of war. The ladies of Croye, when announced by Quentin, were reverently ushered into the great hall, where they met with the most cordial reception from the bishop, who met them there at the head of his little court. He would not permit them to kiss his hand, but welcomed them with a salute, which had something in it of gallantry on the part of a prince to fine

women, and something also of the holy affection of a pastor to the sisters of his flock.

Louis of Bourbon, the reigning bishop of Liege, was in truth a generous and a kind-hearted prince; whose life had not indeed been always confined, with precise strictness, within the bounds of his clerical character; but who, notwithstanding, had uniformly maintained the frank and honourable character of the House of Bourbon from which he was descended.

In latter times, as age advanced, the prelate had adopted a life more befitting a member of the hierarchy than his early reign had exhibited, and was loved among the neighbouring princes, as a noble ecclesiastic, generous and magnificent in his ordinary mode of life, though preserving no very severe rectitude of character, and governing with an easy indifference, which, amid his wealthy and mutinous subjects, rather encouraged than subdued rebellious purposes.

The bishop was so fast an ally of the duke of Burgundy, that the latter claimed almost a joint sovereignty in his bishopric, and repaid the good-natured ease with which the prelate admitted claims which he might easily have disputed, by taking his part on all occasions, with the determined and furious zeal which was a part of his character. He used to say, he considered Liege as his own, the bishop as

his brother (indeed they might be accounted such, in consequence of the duke having married, to his first wife, the bishop's sister), and that he who annoyed Louis of Bourbon, had to do with Charles of Burgundy; a threat which, considering the character and the power of the prince who used it, would have been, powerful with any but the rich and discontented city of Liege, where much wealth had, according to the ancient proverb, made wit waver.

The prelate, as we have said, assured the ladies of Croye of such intercession as his interest at the court of Burgundy, used to the uttermost, might gain for them, and which, he hoped might be the more effectual, as Campo-Basso, from some late discoveries, stood rather lower than formerly in the Duke's personal favour. He promised them also such protection as it was in his power to afford; but the sigh with which he gave the warrant, seemed to allow that his power was more precarious than in words he was willing to admit.

« At every event, my dearest daughters, » said the bishop, with an air in which, as in his previous salute, a mixture of spiritual unction qualified the hereditary gallantry of the House of Bourbon, « Heaven forbid I should abandon the lamb to the wicked wolf, or noble ladies to the oppression of faitours. I am

a man of peace, though my abode now rings with arms; but be assured I will care for your safety as for my own, and should matters become yet more distracted here, which, with Our Lady's grace, we trust will be rather pacified than inflamed, we will provide for your safe-conduct to Germany; for not even the will of our brother and protector, Charles of Burgundy, shall prevail with us to dispose of you in any respect contrary to your own inclinations. We cannot comply with your request of sending you to a convent; for alas! such is the influence of the sons of Belial among the inhabitants of Liege, that we know no retreat to which our authority extends, beyond the bound of our own castle, and the protection of our soldiery. But here you are most welcome, and your train shall have all honourable entertainment; especially this youth, whom you recommend so particularly to our countenance, and on whom we bestow our blessing."

Quentin kneeled, as in duty bound, to receive the episcopal benediction.

"For yourselves," proceeded the good prelate, "you shall reside here with my sister Isabella, a canoness of Triers, and with whom you may dwell in all honour, even under the roof of so gay a bachelor as the bishop of Liege."

He gallantly conducted the ladies to his sis-

ter's apartment, as he concluded the harangue of welcome ; and his master of the household, an officer, who, having taken deacon's orders, held something between a secular and ecclesiastical character, entertained Quentin with the hospitality which his master enjoined, while the other personages of the retinue of the ladies of Croye were committed to the inferior departments.

In this arrangement Quentin could not help remarking, that the presence of the Bohemian, so much objected to in country convents, seemed, in the household of this wealthy, and perhaps we might say, worldly prelate, to attract neither objection nor remark.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CITY.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To any sudden act of mutiny!

Julius Cæsar.

SEPARATED from the Lady Isabelle, whose looks had been for so many days his load-star, Quentin felt a strange vacancy and chillness of the heart, which he had not yet experienced in any of the vicissitudes to which his life had subjected him. No doubt the cessation of the close and unavoidable intercourse and intimacy betwixt them was the necessary consequence of the countess having obtained a place of settled residence; for, under what pretext could she, had she meditated such an impropriety, have had a gallant young squire, such as Quentin, in constant attendance upon her?

But the shock of the separation was not the more welcome that it seemed unavoidable, and the proud heart of Quentin swelled at finding he was parted with like an ordinary

postilion, or an escort whose duty is discharged; while his eyes sympathised so far as to drop a secret tear or two over the ruins of all those airy castles, so many of which he had employed himself in constructing during their too interesting journey. He made a manly, but, at first, a vain effort to throw off this mental dejection; and so, yielding to the feelings he could not suppress, he sate him down in one of the deep recesses formed by a window which lighted the great Gothic hall of Schonwaldt, and there mused upon his hard fortune, which had not assigned him rank or wealth sufficient to prosecute his daring suit. At length his natural buoyancy of temper returned, much excited by the title of an old *romaunt* which had been just printed at Strasbourg, and which lay beside him in the window, the title of which set forth,

How the Squire of lowe degree,
Loved the King's daughter of Hongarie.

While he was tracing the «*letteres blake*» of the ditty so congenial to his own situation, Quentin was interrupted by a touch on the shoulæer, and, looking up, beheld the Bohemian standing by him.

Hayraddin, never a welcome sight, was odious from his late treachery, and Quentin sternly asked him, why he dared take the freedom to touch a Christian and a gentleman?

«Simply,» answered the Bohemian, «because I wished to know if the Christian gentleman had lost his feeling as well as his eyes and ears. I have stood speaking to you these five minutes, and you have stared on that scrap of yellow parchment, as if it were a spell to turn you into a statue, and had already wrought half its purpose.»

«Well, what doest thou want? Speak, and begone!»

«I want what all men want, though few are satisfied with it,» said Hayraddin; «I want my due; my ten crowns of gold for guiding the ladies hither.»

«With what face darest thou ask any guerdon beyond my sparing thy worthless life?» said Durward, fiercely; «thou knowest that it was thy purpose to have betrayed them on the road.»

«But I did *not* betray them,» said Hayraddin; «if I had, I would have asked no guerdon from you or from them, but from him whom their keeping upon the right-hand side of the river might have benefited. The party that I have served is the party who must pay me.»

«Thy guerdon perish with thee, then, traitor!» said Quentin, telling out the money; for he had been, in his capacity of major-domo, furnished with a sum for all such expenses. «Get thee to the Boar of Ardennes, or to the

devil! but keep hereafter out of my sight, lest I send thee thither before thy time. »

« The Boar of Ardennes! » repeated the Bohemian, with a stronger emotion of surprise than his features usually expressed; « it was then no vague guess—no general suspicion—which made you insist on changing the road? Can it be—are there really in other lands arts of prophecy more sure than those of our wandering tribes? The willow tree under which we spoke could tell no tales. But no—no—no—Dolt that I was!—I have it!—I have it!—The willow by the brook near yonder convent—I saw you look towards it as you passed it, about half a mile from yon hive of drones—that could not indeed speak, but it might hide one who could hear! I will hold my councils in an open plain henceforth; not a bunch of thistles shall be near me for a Scot to shroud amongst—Ha! ha! the Scot hath beat the Zingaro at his own subtle weapons. But know, Quentin Durward, that you have foiled me to the marring of thine own fortune—Yes! the fortune I told thee of, from the lines on thy hand, had been richly accomplished but for thine own obstinacy. »

« By Saint Andrew, » said Quentin, « thy impudence makes me laugh in spite of myself—How, or in what, should thy successful villany have been of service to me? I heard, indeed, that you did stipulate to save my life, which

condition your worthy allies would speedily have forgotten, had we once come to blows—but in what thy betrayal of these ladies could have served me, but by exposing me to death or captivity, is a matter beyond human brains to conjecture.”

“No matter thinking of it then,” said Hayraddin, “for I mean still to surprise you with my gratitude. Had you kept back my hire, I should have held that we were quit, and had left you to your own foolish guidance. As it is, I remain your debtor for yonder matter on the banks of the Cher.”

“Methinks I have already taken out the payment in cursing and abusing thee,” said Quentin.

“Hard words, or kind ones,” said the Zingaro, “are but wind, which make no weight in the balance. Had you struck me, indeed, instead of threatening——”

“I am like enough to take out payment in that way, if you provoke me longer.”

“I would not advise it,” said the Zingaro; “such payment, made by a rash hand, might exceed the debt, and unhappily leave a balance on your side, which I am not one to forgive. And now farewell, but not for a long space—I go to bid adieu to the ladies of Croye.”

“Thou!” said Quentin, in astonishment—
“*thou* be admitted to the presence of the la-

dies, and here, where they are in a manner recluses, under the protection of the bishop's sister, a noble canoness? It is impossible."

"Marthon, however, waits to conduct me to their presence," said the Zingaro, with a sneer; "and I must pray your forgiveness if I leave you something abruptly."

He turned as if to depart, but instantly coming back, said, with a tone of deep and serious emphasis, "I know your hopes—they are daring, yet not vain if I aid them. I know your fears—they should teach prudence, not timidity. Every woman may be won. A count is but a nickname, which will befit Quentin, as well as the other nickname of duke befits Charles, or that of king befits Louis."

Ere Durward could reply, the Bohemian had left the hall. Quentin instantly followed; but, better acquainted than the Scot with the passages of the house, Hayraddin kept the advantage which he had gotten; and the pursuer lost sight of him as he descended a small back staircase. Still Durward followed, though without exact consciousness of his own purpose in doing so. The staircase terminated by a door opening into the alley of a garden, in which he again beheld the Zingaro hastening down a pleached walk.

On two sides, the garden was surrounded by the buildings of the castle—a huge old pile,

partly castellated, and partly resembling an ecclesiastical building; on the other two sides, the enclosure was a high embattled wall. Crossing the alleys of the garden to another part of the building, where a postern-door opened behind a large massive buttress, overgrown with ivy, Hayraddin looked back, and waved his hand in signal of an exulting farewell to his follower, who saw that in effect the postern-door was opened by Marthon, and that the vile Bohemian was admitted into the precincts, as he naturally concluded, of the apartment of the Countesses of Croye. Quentin bit his lips with indignation, and blamed himself severely that he had not made the ladies sensible of the full infamy of Hayraddin's character, and acquainted with his machinations against their safety. The arrogating manner in which the Bohemian had promised to back his suit, added to his anger and his disgust; and he felt as if even the hand of the Countess Isabelle would be profaned, were it possible to attain it by such patronage. « But it is all a deception, » he said—« a turn of his base juggling artifice. He has procured access to these ladies upon some false pretence, and for some mischievous intention. It is well I have learned where they lodge. I will watch Marthon, and solicit an interview with them, were it but to place them on their guard. It is hard that I must use artifice and brook delay,

when such as he have admittance openly and without scruple. They shall find, however, that though I am excluded from their presence, Isabelle's safety is still the chief subject of my vigilance."

While the young lover was thus meditating, an aged gentleman of the bishop's household approached him from the same door by which he had himself entered the garden, and made him aware, though with the greatest civility of manner, that the garden was private, and reserved only for the use of the bishop, and guests of the very highest distinction.

Quentin heard him repeat this information twice ere he put the proper construction upon it; and then, starting as from a reverie, he bowed and hurried out of the garden, the official person following him all the way, and overwhelming him with formal apologies for the necessary discharge of his duty. Nay, so pertinacious was he in his attempts to remove the offence which he conceived Durward to have taken, that he offered to bestow his own company upon him, to contribute to his entertainment; until Quentin, internally cursing his formal foppery, found no better way of escape, than pretending a desire of visiting the neighbouring city, and setting off thither at such a round pace as speedily subdued all desire in the gentleman-usher to accompany him farther than the drawbridge. In a few

minutes, Quentin was within the walls of the city of Liege, then one of the richest in Flanders, and of course in the world.

Melancholy, even love-melancholy, is not so deeply seated, at least in minds of a manly and elastic character, as the soft enthusiasts who suffer under it are fond of believing. It yields to unexpected and striking impressions upon the senses, to change of place, to such scenes as create new trains of association, and to the influence of the busy hum of mankind. In a few minutes, Quentin's attention was as much engrossed by the variety of objects presented in rapid succession by the busy streets of Liege, as if there had neither been a Countess Isabelle, nor a Bohemian in the world.

The lofty houses,—the stately, though narrow and gloomy streets,—the splendid display of the richest goods, and most gorgeous armour in the warehouses and shops around,—the walks crowded by busy citizens of every description, passing and repassing with faces of careful importance or eager bustle,—the huge wains, which transported to and fro the subjects of export and import, the former consisting of broad-cloths and serge, arms of all kinds, nails and iron work of every kind, while the latter comprehended every article of use or luxury, intended either for the consumption of an opulent city, or received in barter, and destined to be transported elsewhere,—all

these objects combined to form an engrossing picture of wealth, bustle, and splendour, to which Quentin had been hitherto a stranger. He admired also the various streams and canals, drawn from and communicating with the Maes, which, traversing the city in various directions, offered to every quarter the commercial facilities of water-carriage, and he failed not to hear a mass in the venerable old Church of Saint Lambert, said to have been founded in the eighth century.

It was upon leaving that place of worship that Quentin began to observe, that he, who had been hitherto gazing on all around him with the eagerness of unrestrained curiosity, was himself the object of attention to several groups of substantial-looking burghers, who seemed assembled to look upon him as he left the church, and amongst whom arose a buzz and whisper, which spread from one party to another; while the number of gazers continued to augment rapidly, and the eyes of each who added to it were eagerly directed to Quentin, with a stare which expressed much interest and curiosity, mingled with a certain degree of respect.

At length he now formed the centre of a considerable crowd, which yet yielded before him while he continued to move forward; while those who followed or kept pace with him, studiously avoided pressing on him, or

impeding his motions. Yet his situation was too embarrassing to be long endured, without making some attempt to extricate himself, and to obtain some explanation.

Quentin looked around him, and fixing upon a jolly stout-made respectable man, whom, by his velvet cloak and gold chain, he concluded to be a burgher of eminence, and perhaps a magistrate, he asked him, "Whether he saw any thing particular in his appearance, to attract public attention in a degree so unusual? or whether it was the ordinary custom of the people of Liege thus to throng around strangers who chanced to visit their city?"

"Surely not, good seignor," answered the burgher; "the Liegeois are neither so idly curious as to practise such a custom, nor is there any thing in your dress or appearance, saving that which is most welcome to this city, and which our townsmen are both delighted to see and desirous to honour."

"This sounds very polite, worthy sir," said Quentin, "but, by the Cross of Saint Andrew, I cannot even guess at your meaning."

"Your oath, sir," answered the merchant of Liege, "as well as your accent, convinces me that we are right in our conjecture."

"By my patron Saint Quentin!" said Durward, "I am farther off from your meaning than ever."

"There again now," rejoined the Liegeois,

looking, as he spoke, most provokingly, yet most civilly, politic and intelligent.—“It is surely not for us to see that which you, worthy seignor, deem it proper to conceal. But why swear by Saint Quentin, if you would not have me construe your meaning?—We know the good Count of Saint Paul, who lies there at present, wishes well to our cause.”

“On my life,” said Quentin, “you are under some delusion—I know nothing of Saint Paul.”

“Nay, we question you not,” said the burgher; “although, hark ye—I say hark in your ear—my name is Pavillon.”

“And what is my business with that, Seignor Pavillon?” said Quentin.

“Nay, nothing—only methinks it might satisfy you that I am trustworthy.—Here is my colleague Rouslaer, too.”

Rouslaer advanced, a corpulent dignitary, whose fair round belly, like a battering ram, “did shake the press before him,” and who, whispering caution to his neighbour, said, in a tone of rebuke, “You forget, good colleague, the place is too open—the seignor will retire to your house or mine, and drink a glass of Rhenish and sugar, and then we shall hear more of our good friend and ally, whom we love with all our honest Flemish hearts.”

“I have no news for any of you,” said Quentin, impatiently; “I will drink no Rhenish; and I only desire of you, as men of account

and respectability, to disperse this idle crowd, and allow a stranger to leave your town as quietly as he came into it.”

“Nay, then, sir,” said Rouslaer, “since you stand so much on your incognito, and with us, too, who are men of confidence, let me ask you roundly, wherefore wear you the badge of your company if you would remain unknown in Liege?”

“What badge, and what order?” said Quentin; “you look like reverend men and grave citizens, yet, on my soul, you are either mad yourselves, or desire to drive me so.”

“Sapperment!” said the other burgher, “this youth would make Saint Lambert swear! Why, who wear bonnets with the Saint Andrew’s cross and *fleur-de-lys*, save the Scottish Archers of King Louis’s Guards?”

“And supposing I am an archer of the Guard, why should you make a wonder of my wearing the badge of my company?” said Quentin, impatiently.

“He has avowed it, he has avowed it,” said Rouslaer and Pavillon, turning to the assembled burghers, in attitudes of congratulation, with waving arms, extended palms, and large round faces radiating with glee. “He hath avowed himself an Archer of Louis’s Guard—of Louis, the guardian of the liberties of Liege!”

A general shout and cry now arose from the

multitude, in which were mingled the various sounds of « Long live Louis of France! Long live the Scottish Guard! Long live the valiant archer! Our liberties, our privileges, or death! No imposts! Long live the valiant Boar of Ardennes! Down with Charles of Burgundy! and confusion to Bourbon and his bishopric!»

Half-stunned by the noise, which began anew in one quarter so soon as it ceased in another, rising and falling like the billows of the sea, and augmented by thousands of voices which roared in chorus from distant streets and market-places, Quentin had yet time to form a conjecture concerning the meaning of the tumult, and a plan for regulating his own conduct.

He had forgotten that, after his skirmish with Orleans and Dunois, one of his comrades had, at Lord Crawford's command, replaced the morion, cloven by the sword of the latter, with one of the steel-lined bonnets, which formed a part of the proper and well-known equipment of the Scotch Guards. That an individual of this body, which was always kept very close to Louis's person, should have appeared in the streets of a city, whose civil discontents had been aggravated by the agents of that King, was naturally enough interpreted by the burghers of Liege into a determination on the King's part openly to assist their cause;

and the apparition of an individual archer was magnified into a pledge of immediate and active support from Louis—nay, into an assurance that his auxiliary forces were actually entering the town at one or other, though no one could distinctly tell which, of the city-gates.

To remove a conviction so generally adopted, Quentin easily saw was impossible—nay, that any attempt to undeceive men so obstinately prepossessed in their belief, would be attended with personal risk, which, in this case, he saw little use of incurring. He therefore hastily resolved to temporise, and to get free the best way he could; and this resolution he formed while they were in the act of conducting him to the stadt-house, where the notables of the town were fast assembling, in order to hear the tidings which he was presumed to have brought, and to regale him with a splendid banquet.

In spite of all his opposition, which was set down to modesty, he was on every side surrounded by the donors of popularity, the unsavoury tide of which now floated around him. His two burgomaster friends, who were *schoppen*, or syndics of the city, had made fast both his arms. Before him, Nikkel Blok, the chief of the butchers' incorporation, hastily summoned from his office in the shambles, brandished his death-doing axe, yet smeared with blood and brains, with a courage and

grace which *brantwein* alone could inspire. Behind him came the tall, lean, raw-boned, very drunk, and very patriotic figure of Claus Hammerlein, president of the mystery of the workers in iron, and followed by at least a thousand unwashed artificers of his class. Weavers, nailors, ropemakers, artisans of every degree and calling, thronged forward to join the procession from every gloomy and narrow street. Escape seemed a desperate and impossible adventure.

In this dilemma, Quentin appealed to Rouslaer, who held one arm, and to Pavillon, who had secured the other, and who were conducting him forward at the head of the ovation, of which he had so unexpectedly become the principal object. He hastily acquainted them «with his having thoughtlessly adopted the bonnet of the Scottish Guard, on an accident having occurred to the head-piece in which he had proposed to travel—he regretted that, owing to this circumstance, and the sharp wit with which the Liegeois drew the natural inference of his quality and the purpose of his visit, these things had been publicly discovered; and he intimated, that, if just now conducted to the stadt-house, he might unhappily feel himself under the necessity of communicating to the assembled notables certain matters, which he was directed by the King to reserve for the private ears of his excellent

gossips, Meinheers Rouslaer and Pavillon of Liege. »

This last hint operated like magic on the two citizens, who were the most distinguished leaders of the insurgent burghers, and were, like all demagogues of their kind, desirous to keep every thing within their own management, so far as possible. They therefore hastily agreed that Quentin should leave the town for the time, and return by night to Liege, and converse with them privately in the house of Rouslaer, near the gate opposite to Schonwaldt. Quentin hesitated not to tell them, that he was at present residing in the bishop's palace, under pretence of bearing dispatches from the French court, although his real errand was, as they had well conjectured, designed to the citizens of Liege; and this tortuous mode of conducting a communication, as well as the character and rank of the person to whom it was supposed to be entrusted, was so consonant to the character of Louis, as neither to excite doubt nor surprise.

Almost immediately after this *éclaircissement* was completed, the progress of the multitude brought them opposite to the door of Pavillon's house, in one of the principal streets, but which communicated from behind with the Maes, by means of a garden, as well as an extensive manufactory of tan-pits, and other con-

conveniences for dressing hides; for the patriotic burgher was a felt-dresser, or currier.

It was natural that Pavillon should desire to do the honours of his dwelling to the supposed envoy of Louis, and a halt before his house excited no surprise on the part of the multitude; who, on the contrary, greeted Mein-heer Pavillon with a loud *vivat*, as he ushered in his distinguished guest. Quentin speedily laid aside his remarkable bonnet, for the cap of a felt-maker, and flung a long cloak over his other apparel. Pavillon then furnished him with a passport to pass the gates of the city, and to return by night or day as should suit his convenience; and lastly, committed him to the charge of his daughter, a fair and smiling Flemish lass, with instructions how he was to be disposed of, while he himself hastened back to his colleague, to amuse their friends at the stadt-house, with the best excuses which they could invent for the disappearance of King Louis's envoy. We cannot, as the footman says in the play, recollect the exact nature of the lie which the bell-wethers told the flock; but no task is so easy as that of imposing upon a multitude whose eager prejudices have more than half done the business, ere the impostor has spoken a word.

The worthy burgess was no sooner gone, than his plump daughter Trudchen, with many a blush, and many a wreathed smile, which

suited very prettily with lips like cherries, laughing blue eyes, and a skin transparently pure, escorted the handsome stranger through the pleached alleys of the Sieur Pavillon's garden, down to the waterside, and there saw him fairly embarked in a boat, which two stout Flemings, in their trunk-hose, fur-caps, and many-button'd jerkins, had got in readiness with as much haste as their Low Country nature would permit.

As the pretty Trudchen spoke nothing but German, Quentin,—no disparagement to his loyal affection to the Countess of Croye,—could only express his thanks by a kiss on those same cherry lips, which was very gallantly bestowed, and accepted with all modest gratitude; for gallants with a form and a face like our Scottish archer, were not of every day occurrence among the *bourgeoisie* of Liege.

While the boat was rowed up the sluggish waters of the Maes, and passed the defences of the town, Quentin had time enough to reflect, what account he ought to give of his adventure in Liege, when he returned to the bishop's palace of Schonwaldt; and disdaining alike to betray any person who had reposed confidence in him, although by misapprehension, or to conceal from the hospitable prelate the mutinous state of his capital, he resolved to confine himself to so general an account as might put the bishop upon his guard, while it

should point out no individual to his vengeance.

He was landed from the boat, within half a mile of the castle, and rewarded his rowers with a guilder, to their great satisfaction. Yet, short as was the space which divided him from Schonwaldt, the castle-bell had tolled for dinner, and Quentin found, moreover, that he had approached the castle on a different side from that of the principal entrance, and that to go round would throw his arrival considerably later. He therefore made straight towards the side that was nearest him, as he discerned that it presented an embattled wall, probably that of the little garden already noticed, with a postern opening upon the moat, and a skiff moored by the postern, which might serve, he thought, upon summons, to pass him over. As he approached, in hopes to make his entrance this way, the postern opened, a man came out, and jumping into the boat, made his way to the farther side of the moat, and then, with a long pole, pushed the skiff back towards the place where he had embarked.—As he came near, Quentin discerned that this person was the Bohemian, who avoiding him, as was not difficult, held a different path towards Liege, and was presently out of his ken.

Here was new subject for meditation. Had this vagabond heathen been all this while with the ladies of Croye, and for what purpose

should they so far have graced him with their presence? Tormented with this thought, Durward became doubly determined to seek an explanation with them, for the purpose at once of laying bare the treachery of Hayraddin, and announcing to them the perilous state in which their protector, the bishop, was placed, by the mutinous state of his town of Liege.

As Quentin thus resolved, he entered the castle by the principal gate, and found that part of the family who assembled for dinner in the great hall, including the bishop's attendant clergy, officers of the household, and strangers below the rank of the very first nobility, were already placed at their meal. A seat at the upper end of the board had, however, been reserved beside the bishop's domestic chaplain, who welcomed the stranger with the old college jest of, *Sero venientibus ossa*, while he took care so to load his plate with dainties, as to take away all appearance of that reality, which, in Quentin's country, is said to render a joke either no joke, or at best an unpalatable one.

In vindicating himself from the suspicion of ill-breeding, Quentin briefly described the tumult which had been occasioned in the city by his being discovered to belong to the Scottish Archer-guard of Louis, and endeavoured to give a ludicrous turn to the narrative, by saying, that he had been with difficulty extri-

cated by a fat burgher of Liege and his pretty daughter.

But the company were too much interested in the story to taste the jest. All operations of the table were suspended while Quentin told his tale; and when he had ceased, there was a solemn pause, which was only broken by the major-domo saying, in a low and melancholy tone, «I would to God that we saw those hundred lances of Burgundy!»

«Why should you think so deeply on it?» said Quentin—«You have many soldiers here, whose trade is arms; and your antagonists are only the rabble of a disorderly city, who will fly before the first flutter of a banner with men-at-arms arrayed beneath it.»

«You do not know the men of Liege,» said the chaplain, «of whom it may be said, that not even excepting those of Ghent, they are at once the fiercest and the most untameable in Europe. Twice has the Duke of Burgundy chastised them for their repeated revolts against their bishop, and twice hath he suppressed them with much severity, abridged their privileges, taken away their banners, and established rights and claims to himself, which were not before competent over a free city of the Empire—Nay, the last time he defeated them with much slaughter near Saint Tron, where Liege lost nearly six thousand men, what with the sword, what with those drowned in the flight; and thereafter, to disable them

from farther mutiny, Duke Charles refused to enter at any of the gates which they had surrendered, but, beating to the ground forty cubits, breadth of their city wall, marched into Liege as a conqueror, with visor closed and lance in rest, at the head of his chivalry, by the breach which he had made. Nay, well were the Liegeois then assured, that, but for the intercession of Duke Philip the Good, this Charles, then called Count of Charolois, would have given their town up to spoil. And yet, with all these fresh recollections, with their breaches unrepaired, and their arsenals scarcely supplied, the sight of an archer's bonnet is sufficient again to stir them to uproar. May God amend all! but I fear there will be bloody work between so fierce a population and so fiery a sovereign; and I would my excellent and kind master had a see of lesser dignity and more safety, for his mitre is lined with thorns instead of ermine. This much I say to you, Seignor Stranger, to make you aware, that, if your affairs detain you not at Schonwaldt, it is a place from which each man of sense should depart as speedily as possible. I apprehend that your ladies are of the same opinion; for one of the grooms who attended them on the route has been sent back by them to the court of France with letters, which, doubtless, are intended to announce their going in search of a safer asylum."

CHAPTER X.

THE BILLET.

Go to—thou art made, if thou desirest to be so—If not, let me see thee still the fellow of servants, and not fit to touch Fortune's fingers.

Twelfth Night.

WHEN the tables were drawn, the chaplain, who seemed to have taken a sort of attachment to Quentin Durward's society, or who perhaps desired to extract from him further information concerning the meeting of the morning, led him into a withdrawing apartment, the windows of which, on one side, projected into the garden ; and as he saw his companion's eye gaze rather eagerly upon the spot, he proposed to Quentin to go down and take a view of the curious foreign shrubs with which the bishop had enriched its parterres.

Quentin excused himself, as unwilling to intrude, and therewithal communicated the check which he had received in the morn-

ing. The chaplain smiled, and said, « That there was indeed some ancient prohibition respecting the bishop's private garden ; but this,» he added, with a smile, « was when our reverend father was a princely young prelate of not more than thirty years of age, and when many fair ladies frequented the castle for ghostly consolation. Need there was,» he said, with a downcast look, and a smile, half simple and half intelligent, « that these ladies, pained in conscience, who were ever lodged in the apartments now occupied by the noble canoness, should have some space for taking the air, secure from the intrusion of the profane. But of late years,» he added, « this prohibition, although not formally removed, has fallen entirely out of observance, and remains but as the superstition which haunts the brain of a superannuated gentleman-usher. If you please,» he added, « we will presently descend, and try whether the place be haunted or no.»

Nothing could have been more agreeable to Quentin than the prospect of a free communication with the garden, through means of which, according to a chance which had hitherto attended his passion, he hoped to communicate with, or at least obtain sight of, the object of his affections, from some such turret or balcony-window, or similar « coin of vantage,» as at the hostelrie of the Fleur-de-Lys,

near Plessis, or the Dauphin's Tower, within that castle itself. Isabelle seemed still destined, wherever she made her abode, to be the lady of the Turret.

When Durward descended with his new friend into the garden, the latter seemed a terrestrial philosopher, entirely busied with the things of the earth; while the eyes of Quentin, if they did not seek the heavens, like those of an astrologer, ranged, at least, all around the windows, balconies, and especially the turrets, which projected on every part from the inner front of the old building, in order to discover that which was to be his cynosure.

While thus employed, the young lover heard with total neglect, if indeed he heard at all, the enumeration of plants, herbs, and shrubs, which his reverend conductor pointed out to him; of which this was choice, because of prime use in medicine; and that more choice, for yielding a rare flavour to potage; and a third, choicest of all, because possessed of no merit but its extreme scarcity. Still it was necessary to preserve some semblance at least of attention; which the youth found so difficult, that he fairly wished at the devil the officious naturalist and the whole vegetable kingdom. He was relieved at length by the striking of a clock, which summoned the chaplain to some official duty.

The reverend man made many unnecessary apologies for leaving his new friend, and concluded by giving him the agreeable assurance that he might walk in the garden till supper, without much risk of being disturbed.

« It is, » said he, « the place where I always study my own homilies, as being most sequestered from the resort of strangers. I am now about to deliver one of them in the chapel, if you please to favour me with your audience.—I have been thought to have some gift—But the glory be where it is due.»

Quentin excused himself for this evening, under pretence of a severe head-ache, which the open air was likely to prove the best cure for; and at length the well-meaning priest left him to himself.

It may be well imagined, that in the curious inspection which he now made, at more leisure, of every window or aperture which looked into the garden, those did not escape which were in the immediate neighbourhood of the small door by which he had seen Marthon admit Hayraddin, as he pretended, to the apartment of the countesses. But nothing stirred or showed itself, which could either confute or confirm the tale which the Bohemian had told, until it was becoming dusky; and Quentin began to be sensible, he scarce knew why, that his sauntering so long in the

garden might be subject of displeasure or suspicion.

Just as he had resolved to depart, and was taking what he had destined for his last turn under the windows which had such attraction for him, he heard above him a slight and cautious sound, like that of a cough, as intended to call his attention, and to avoid the observation of others. As he looked up in joyful surprise, a casement opened—a female hand was seen to drop a billet, which fell into a rosemary bush that grew at the foot of the wall. The precaution used in dropping this letter prescribed equal prudence and secrecy in reading it. The garden, surrounded, as we have said, upon two sides, by the buildings of the palace, was commanded, of course, by the windows of many apartments; but there was a sort of grotto of rock-work, which the chaplain had shown Durward with much complacency. To snatch up the billet, thrust it into his bosom, and hie to this place of secrecy was the work of a single minute. He there opened the precious scroll, and blessed, at the same time, the memory of the Monks of Aberbrothock, whose nurture had rendered him capable of deciphering its contents.

The first line contained the injunction, "Read this in secret,"—and the contents were as follows—"What your eyes have too boldly said, mine have perhaps too rashly understood.

But unjust persecution makes its victims bold, and it were better to throw myself on the gratitude of one, than to remain the object of pursuit to many. Fortune has her throne upon a rock; but brave men fear not to climb. If you dare do aught for one that hazards much, you need but pass into this garden at prime to-morrow, wearing in your cap a blue and white feather; but expect no further communication. Your stars have, they say, destined you for greatness, and disposed you to gratitude.—Farewell—be faithful, prompt, and resolute, and doubt not thy fortune.” Within this letter was enclosed a ring with a table diamond, on which were cut, in form of a lozenge, the ancient arms of the House of Croye.

The first feeling of Quentin on this occasion was unmingled ecstasy—a pride and joy which seemed to raise him to the stars,—a determination to do or die, influenced by which he treated with scorn the thousand obstacles that placed themselves betwixt him and the goal of his wishes.

In this mood of rapture, and unable to endure any interruption which might withdraw his mind, were it but for a moment, from so ecstatic a subject of contemplation, Durward, retiring to the interior of the castle, hastily assigned his former pretext of a head-ache for not joining the household of the bishop at the supper-meal, and, lighting his lamp, betook himself

to the chamber which had been assigned him, to read, and to read again and again, the precious billet, and to kiss a thousand times the no less precious ring.

But such high-wrought feelings could not remain long in the same ecstatic tone. A thought pressed upon him, though he repelled it as ungrateful—as even blasphemous—that the frankness of the confession implied less delicacy, on the part of her who made it, than was consistent with the high romantic feeling of adoration with which he had hitherto worshipped the Lady Isabelle. No sooner did this ungracious thought intrude itself, than he hastened to stifle it, as he would have stifled a hissing and hateful adder, that had intruded itself into his couch. Was it for him—him the favoured—on whose account she had stooped from her sphere, to ascribe blame to her for the very act of condescension, without which he dared not have raised his eyes towards her? Did not her very dignity of birth and of condition, reverse, in her case, the usual rules which impose silence on the lady until her lover shall have first spoken? To these arguments, which he boldly formed into syllogisms, and avowed to himself, his vanity might possibly suggest one which he cared not to embody even mentally with the same frankness—that the merit of the party beloved might perhaps warrant, on the part of the lady, some little

departure from common rules; and, after all, as in the case of Malvolio, there was example for it in chronicle. The squire of low degree, of whom he had been just reading, was, like himself, a gentleman void of land and living, and yet the generous Princess of Hungary bestowed on him, without scruple, more substantial marks of her affection, than the billet he had just received:—

« Welcome, » she said, « my swete Squyre,
My heartis roote, my soule's desire;
I will give thee kisses three,
And als five hundrid poundis in fee. »

And again the same faithful history made the King of Hongrie himself avouch,

« I have yknown many a page,
Come to be Prince by marriage. »

So that, upon the whole, Quentin generously and magnanimously reconciled himself to a line of conduct on the countess's part, by which he was likely to be so highly benefited.

But this scruple was succeeded by another doubt, harder of digestion. The traitor Hayraddin had been in the apartments of the ladies, for aught Quentin knew, for the space of four hours, and considering the hints which he had thrown out, of possessing an influence of the most interesting kind over the fortunes of Quentin Durward, what should assure him

that this train was not of his laying? and if so, was it not probable that such a dissembling villain had set it on foot to conceal some new plan of treachery—perhaps to seduce Isabelle out of the protection of the worthy bishop? This was a matter to be closely looked into, for Quentin felt a repugnance to this individual proportioned to the unabashed impudence with which he had avowed his profligacy, and could not bring himself to hope, that any thing in which he was concerned could ever come to an honourable or happy conclusion.

These various thoughts rolled over Quentin's mind like misty clouds, to dash and obscure the fair landscape which his fancy had at first drawn, and his couch was that night a sleepless one. At the hour of prime—ay, and an hour before it, was he in the castle-garden, where no one now opposed either his entrance or his abode, with a feather of the assigned colour, as distinguished as he could by any means procure in such haste. No notice was taken of his appearance for nearly two hours; at length he heard a few notes of the lute, and presently the lattice opened right above the little postern-door at which Marthon had admitted Hayraddin, and Isabelle, in maidenly beauty, appeared at the opening, greeted him half-kindly, half-shyly, coloured extremely at the deep and significant reverence with which

he returned her courtesy—shut the casement, and disappeared.

Daylight and champagne could discover no more. The authenticity of the billet was ascertained—it only remained what was to follow; and of this the fair writer had given him no hint. But no immediate danger impended—The countess was in a strong castle, under the protection of a prince, at once respectable for his secular, and venerable for his ecclesiastical authority. There was neither immediate room nor occasion for the adventurous squire interfering in the adventure; and it was sufficient if he kept himself prompt to execute her commands whensoever they should be communicated to him. But fate purposed to call him into action sooner than he was aware of.

It was the fourth night after his arrival at Schonwaldt, when Quentin had taken measures for sending back on the morrow to the court of Louis the remaining groom who had accompanied him on his journey, with letters from himself to his uncle and Lord Crawford, renouncing the service of France, for which the treachery to which he had been exposed by the private instructions of Hayraddin gave him an excuse, both in honour and prudence; and he betook himself to his bed with all the rosy-coloured ideas around him which flutter about the couch of a youth when he loves

dearly, and thinks his love is as sincerely repaid.

But Quentin's dreams, which at first partook of the nature of those happy influences under which he had fallen asleep, began by degrees to assume a more terrific character.

He walked with the Countess Isabelle beside a smooth and inland lake, such as formed the principal characteristic of his native glen; and he spoke to her of his love without any consciousness of the impediments which lay between them. She blushed and smiled when she listened—even as he might have expected from the tenor of the letter, which, sleeping or waking, lay nearest to his heart. But the scene suddenly changed from summer to winter—from calm to tempest; the winds and the waves rose with such a contest of surge and whirlwind, as if the demons of the water and of the air had been contending for their roaring empires in rival strife. The rising waters seemed to cut off their advance and their retreat—the increasing tempest, which dashed them against each other, seemed to render their remaining on the spot impossible; and the tumultuous sensations produced by the apparent danger awoke the dreamer.

He awoke; but although the circumstances of the vision had disappeared, and given place to reality, the noise, which had probably sug-

gested them, still continued to sound in his ears.

Quentin's first impulse was to sit erect in bed, and listen with astonishment to sounds, which, if they had announced a tempest, might have shamed the wildest that ever burst down from the Grampians; and again in a minute he became sensible, that the tumult was not excited by the fury of the elements, but by the wrath of men.

He sprung from bed, and looked from the window of his apartment; but it opened into the garden, and on that side all was quiet, though the opening of the casement made him still more sensible, from the shouts which reached his ears, that the outside of the castle was beleaguered and assaulted, and that by a numerous and determined enemy. Hastily collecting his dress and arms, and putting them on with such celerity as darkness and surprise permitted, his attention was solicited by a knocking at the door of his chamber. As Quentin did not immediately answer, the door, which was but a slight one, was forced open from without, and the intruder, announced by his peculiar dialect to be the Bohemian, Hayraddin Maugrabin, entered the apartment. A phial, which he held in his hand, touched by a match, produced a dark flash of ruddy fire, by means of which he kindled a lamp, which he took from his bosom.

“The horoscope of your destinies,” he said energetically to Durward, without any further greeting, “now turns upon the determination of a minute.”

“Caitiff!” said Quentin, in reply, “there is treachery around us; and where there is treachery, thou *must* have a share in it.”

“You are mad,” answered Maugrabin—“I never betrayed any one but to gain by it—and wherefore should I betray you, by whose safety I can take more advantage than by your destruction? Hearken for a moment, if it be possible for you, to one note of reason, ere it is sounded into your ear by the death-shout of ruin. The Liegeois are up—William de la Marck, with his band, leads them—Were there means of resistance, their numbers, and his fury, would overcome them; but there are next to none. If you would save the Countess and your own hopes, follow me in the name of her who sent you a table-diamond, with three leopards engraved on it!”

“Lead the way,” said Quentin, hastily—“In that name I dare every danger.”

“As I shall manage it,” said the Bohemian, “there is no danger, if you can but withhold your hand from strife which does not concern you; for, after all, what is it to you whether the bishop, as they call him, slaughters his flock, or the flock slaughters the shepherd?—Ha! ha! ha! Follow me, but with caution and

patience; subdue your own courage, and confide in my prudence—and my debt of thankfulness is paid, and you have a countess for your spouse—Follow me.”

“I follow,” said Quentin, drawing his sword; “but the moment in which I detect the least sign of treachery, thy head and body are three yards separate.”

Without more conversation, the Bohemian, seeing that Quentin was now fully armed and ready, ran down the stairs before him, and winded hastily through various side-passages, until they gained the little garden. Scarce a light was to be seen on that side, scarce any bustle was to be heard; but no sooner had Quentin entered the open space, than the noise on the opposite side of the castle became ten times more stunningly audible, and he could hear the various war-cries of “Liege! Liege! Sanglier! Sanglier!” shouted by the assailants, while the feebler cry of “Our Lady for the Prince Bishop!” was raised in a faint and faltering tone, by those who had hastened, though surprised and at disadvantage, to the defence of the walls.

But the interest of the fight, notwithstanding the martial character of Quentin Durward, was indifferent to him in comparison of the fate of Isabelle of Croye, which, he had reason to fear, would be a dreadful one, unless rescued from the power of the dissolute and cruel

freebooter, who was now, as it seemed, bursting the gates of the castle. He reconciled himself to the aid of the Bohemian, as men in a desperate illness refuse not the remedy prescribed by quacks and mountebanks, and followed across the garden, with the intention of being guided by him until he should discover symptoms of treachery, and then piercing him through the heart, or striking his head from his body. Hayraddin seemed himself conscious that his safety turned on a feather-weight, for he forbore, from the moment they entered the open air, all his wonted gibes and smirks, and seemed to have made a vow to act at once with modesty, courage, and activity.

At the opposite door, which led to the ladies' apartments, upon a low signal made by Hayraddin, appeared two women, muffled in the black silk veils which were then, as now, worn by the women in the Netherlands. Quentin offered his arm to one of them, who clung to it with trembling eagerness, and indeed hung upon him so much, that had her weight been greater, she must have much impeded their retreat. The Bohemian, who conducted the other female, took the road straight for the postern which opened upon the moat, through the garden wall, close to which the little skiff was drawn up, by means of which Quentin had formerly observed Hayraddin himself retreating from the castle.

As they crossed, the shouts of storm and successful violence seemed to announce that the castle was in the act of being taken ; and so dismal was the sound in Quentin's ears, that he could not help swearing aloud, « But that my blood is irretrievably devoted to the fulfilment of my present duty, I would back to the wall, take faithful part with the hospitable bishop, and silence some of those knaves whose throats are full of mutiny and robbery.»

The lady, whose arm was still folded in his, pressed it slightly as he spoke, as if to make him understand that there was a nearer claim on his chivalry than the defence of Schonwaldt; while the Bohemian exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, « Now, that I call right Christian frenzy, which would turn back to fight, when love and fortune both demand that we should fly.—On, on—with all the haste you can make—Horses wait us in yonder thicket of willows.»

« There are but two horses,» said Quentin, who saw them in the moon-light.

« All that I could procure without exciting suspicion—and enough besides,» replied the Bohemian. « You two must ride for Tongres ere the way becomes unsafe—Marthon will abide with the women of our horde, with whom she is an old acquaintance. Know, she is a daughter of our tribe, and only dwelt

among you to serve our purpose as occasion should fall.”

“Marthon!” exclaimed the countess, looking at the veiled female, with a shriek of surprise; “is not this my kinswoman?”

“Only Marthon,” said Hayraddin—“Excuse me that little piece of deceit. I dared not carry off *both* the ladies of Croye from the Wild Boar of Ardennes.”

“Wretch!” said Quentin, emphatically—“but it is not—shall not be too late—I will back to rescue the Lady Hameline.”

“Hameline,” whispered the lady, in a disturbed voice, “hangs on thy arm, to thank thee for her rescue.”

“Ha! what!—How is this?” said Quentin, extricating himself from her hold, and with less gentleness than he would at any other time have used towards a female of any rank—“Is the Lady Isabelle then left behind?—Farewell—farewell.”

As he turned to hasten back to the castle, Hayraddin laid hold of him—“Nay, hear you—hear you—you run upon your death! What the foul fiend did you wear the colours of the old one for?—I will never trust blue and white silk again. But she has almost as large a dower—has jewels and gold—hath pretensions, too, upon the earldom.”

While he spoke thus, panting on in broken sentences, the Bohemian struggled to detain

Quentin, who at length laid his hand on his dagger, in order to extricate himself.

“Nay, if that be the case,” said Hayraddin, unloosing his hold, “go—and the devil, if there be one, go along with you.”—And, soon as freed from his hold, the Scot shot back to the castle with the speed of the wind.

Hayraddin then turned round to the Countess Hameline, who had sunk down on the ground, between shame, fear, and disappointment.

“Here has been a mistake,” he said; “up, lady, and come with me—I will provide you, ere morning comes, a gallanter husband than this smock-faced boy, and if one will not serve, you shall have twenty.”

The Lady Hameline was as violent in her passions as she was vain and weak in her understanding. Like many other persons, she went tolerably well through the ordinary duties of life; but in a crisis like the present, she was entirely incapable of doing aught, save pouring forth unavailing lamentations, and accusing Hayraddin of being a thief, a base slave, an impostor, a murderer.

“Call me Zingaro,” returned he, “and you have said all at once.”

“Monster! you said the stars had decreed our union, and caused me to write—O wretch that I was!” exclaimed the unhappy lady.

“And so they *had* decreed your union,” said

Hayraddin, «had both parties been willing—but think you the blessed constellations can make any one wed against his will?—I was led into error with your accursed Christian gallantries, and fopperies of ribands and favours—and the youth prefers veal to beef, I think—that's all.—Up and follow me; and take notice, I endure neither weeping nor swooning.»

«I will not stir a foot,» said the countess, obstinately.

«By the bright welkin, but you shall though!» exclaimed Hayraddin. «I swear to you, by all that ever fools believed in, that you have to do with one, who would care little to strip you naked, bind you to a tree, and leave you to your fortune!»

«Nay,» said Marthon, interfering, «by your favour, she shall not be misused. I wear a knife as well as you, and can use it—She is a kind woman, though a fool.—And you, madam, rise up and follow us—Here has been a mistake; but it is something to have saved life and limb. There are many in yonder castle would give all the wealth in the world to stand where we do now.»

As Marthon spoke, a clamour, in which the shouts of victory were mingled with screams of terror and despair, was wafted to them from the Castle of Schonwaldt.

«Hear that, lady!» said Hayraddin, «and be thankful you are not adding your treble pipe

to yonder concert. Believe me, I will care for you honestly, and the stars shall keep their words, and find you a good husband."

Like some wild animal, exhausted and subdued by terror and fatigue, the Countess Hameline yielded herself up to the conduct of her guides, and suffered herself to be passively led whichever way they would. Nay, such was the confusion of her spirits, and the exhaustion of her strength, that the worthy couple, who half bore, half led her, carried on their discourse in her presence without her even understanding it.

"I ever thought your plan was folly," said Marthon. "Could you have brought the *young* people together, indeed, we might have had a hold on their gratitude and a footing in their castle. But what chance of so handsome a youth wedding this old fool?"

"Rizpah," said Hayraddin, "you have borne the name of a Christian, and dwelt in the tents of these besotted people, till thou hast become a partaker in their follies. How could I dream that he would have made scruples about a few years, youth or age, when the advantages of the match were so evident? And thou knowest, there would have been no moving yonder coy wench to be so frank as this coming countess here, who hangs on our arms as dead a weight as a wool-pack. I loved the lad too, and would have done him a kindness: to wed

him to this old woman, was to make his fortune; to unite him to Isabelle, were to have brought on him De la Marck, Burgundy, France,—all who claim an interest in disposing of her hand. And this silly woman's wealth being chiefly in gold and jewels, we should have had our share. But the bow-string has burst, and the arrow failed. Away with her—we will bring her to William with the Beard. By the time he has gorged himself with wassail, as is his wont, he will not know an old countess from a young one. Away, Rizpah—bear a gallant heart. The bright Aldeboran still influences the destinies of the Children of the Desert.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE SACK.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
With conscience wide as hell.

Henry V.

THE surprised and affrighted garrison of the Castle of Schonwaldt had, nevertheless, for some time, made good the defence of the place against the assailants; but the immense crowds which, issuing from the city of Liege, thronged to the assault like bees, distracted their attention, and abated their courage.

There was also disaffection at least, if not treachery among the defenders, for some called out to surrender, and others, deserting their posts, tried to escape from the castle. Many threw themselves from the walls into the moat, and such as escaped drowning flung aside their distinguishing badges, and saved themselves by mingling among the motley

crowd of assailants. Some few, indeed, from attachment to the bishop's person, drew around him, and continued to defend the great keep, to which he had fled; and others, doubtful of receiving quarter, or from an impulse of desperate courage, held out other detached bulwarks and towers of the extensive building. But the assailants had got into possession of the courts and lower parts of the edifice, and were busy pursuing the vanquished, and searching for spoil, when one individual, as if he sought for that death from which all others were flying, endeavoured to force his way into the scene of tumult and horror, under apprehensions still more horrible to his imagination, than the realities around were to his sight and senses. Whoever had seen Quentin Durward that fatal night, not knowing the meaning of his conduct, had accounted him a raging madman; whoever had appreciated his motives, had ranked him nothing beneath a hero of romance.

Approaching Schonwaldt on the same side from which he had left it, the youth met several fugitives making for the wood, who naturally avoided him as an enemy, because he came in an opposite direction from that which they had adopted. When he came nearer, he could hear, and partly see, men dropping from the garden-wall into the castle fosse, and others who seemed precipitated from the bat-

lements by the assailants. His courage was not staggered, even for an instant. There was not time to look for the boat, even had it been practicable to use it, and it was in vain to approach the postern of the garden, which was crowded with fugitives, who ever and anon, as they were thrust through it by the pressure behind, fell into the moat which they had no means of crossing.

Avoiding that point, Quentin threw himself into the moat, near what was called the little gate of the castle, and where there was a draw-bridge, which was still elevated. He avoided with difficulty the fatal grasp of more than one sinking wretch, and, swimming to the draw-bridge, caught hold of one of the chains which was hanging down, and, by a great exertion of strength and activity, swayed himself out of the water, and attained the platform from which the bridge was suspended. As with hands and knees he struggled to make good his footing, a Lanzknecht, with his bloody sword in his hand, made towards him, and raised his weapon for a blow, which must have been fatal.

«How now, fellow!» said Quentin, in a tone of authority—«Is that the way in which you assist a comrade?—Give me your hand.»

The soldier in silence, and not without hesitation, reached him his arm, and helped him upon the platform, when, without allowing

him time for reflection, the Scot continued in the same tone of command—"To the western tower, if you would be rich—the priest's treasury is in the western tower."

The words were echoed on every hand; "To the western tower—the treasure is in the western tower!" And the stragglers who were within hearing of the cry took, like a herd of raging wolves, the direction opposite to that which Quentin, come life, come death, was determined to pursue.

Bearing himself as if he were one, not of the conquered, but of the victors, he made a way into the garden, and pushed across it, with less interruption than he could have expected; for the cry of "to the western tower!" had carried off one body of the assailants, and another was summoned together, by war-cry and trumpet-sound, to assist in repelling a desperate sally, attempted by the defenders of the keep, who had hoped to cut their way out of the castle, bearing the bishop along with them. Quentin, therefore, crossed the garden with an eager step and throbbing heart, commending himself to those heavenly powers which had protected him through the numberless perils of his life, and bold in his determination to succeed, or leave his life in this desperate undertaking. Ere he reached the garden, three men rushed on him with levelled lances, crying, "Liege, Liege!"

Putting himself in defence, but without striking, he replied, "France, France, friend to Liege!"

"Vivat France!" cried the burghers of Liege, and passed on. The same signal proved a talisman to avert the weapons of four or five of La Marck's followers, whom he found straggling in the garden, and who set upon him, crying, "Sanglier!"

In a word, Quentin began to hope, that his character as an emissary of King Louis, the private instigator of the insurgents of Liege, and the secret supporter of William de la Marck, might possibly bear him through the horrors of the night.

On reaching the turret, he shuddered when he found the little side-door, through which Marthon and the Countess Hameline had shortly before joined him, was now blockaded with more than one dead body.

Two of them he dragged hastily aside, and was stepping over the third body, in order to enter the portal, when the supposed dead man laid hand on his cloak, and entreated him to stay and assist him to rise. Quentin was about to use rougher methods than struggling to rid himself of this untimely obstruction, when the fallen man continued to exclaim, "I am smothered here in mine own armour!—I am the Syndic Pavillon of Liege! If you are for us, I will enrich you—if you are for the other side,

I will protect you; but—but—do not leave me to die the death of a smothered pig!»

In the midst of this scene of blood and confusion, the presence of mind of Quentin suggested to him, that this dignitary might have the means of protecting their retreat. He raised him on his feet, and asked him if he was wounded.

«Not wounded—at least I think not—» answered the burgher; «but much out of wind.»

«Sit down then on this stone, and recover your breath,» said Quentin; «I will return instantly.»

«For whom are you?» said the burgher, still detaining him.

«For France—for France,» answered Quentin, studying to get away.

«What, my lively young archer?» said the worthy syndic. «Nay, if it has been my fate to find a friend in this fearful night, I will not quit him, I promise you. Go where you will, I follow; and, could I get some of the tight lads of our guildry together, I might be able to help you in turn; but they are all squandered abroad like so many peas.—O, it is a fearful night!»

During this time, he was dragging himself on after Quentin, who, aware of the importance of securing the countenance of a person of such influence, slackened his pace to assist

him, although cursing in his heart the incumbrance that retarded his pace.

At the top of the stair was an ante-room, with boxes and trunks, which bore marks of having been rifled, as some of the contents lay on the floor. A lamp, dying in the chimney, shed a feeble beam on a dead or senseless man, who lay across the hearth.

Bounding from Pavillon, like a greyhound from his keeper's leash, and with an effort which almost overthrew him, Quentin sprung through a second and a third room, the last of which seemed to be the bed-room of the ladies of Croye. No living mortal was to be seen in either of them. He called upon the Lady Isabelle's name, at first gently, then more loudly, and then with an accent of despairing emphasis, but no answer was returned. He wrung his hands, tore his hair, and stamped on the earth with desperation. At length, a feeble glimmer of light, which shone through a crevice in the wainscoting of a dark nook in the bed-room, announced some recess or concealment behind the arras. Quentin hastened to examine it. He found there was indeed a concealed door, but it resisted his hurried efforts to open it. Heedless of the personal injury he might sustain, he rushed at the door with his whole force and weight of his body: and such was the impetus of an effort made

betwixt hope and despair, that it would have burst much stronger fastenings.

He thus forced his way, almost headlong, into a small oratory, where a female figure, which had been kneeling in agonizing supplication before the holy image, now sunk at length on the floor, under the new terrors implied in this approaching tumult. He hastily raised her from the ground, and, joy of joys! it was she whom he sought to save—the Countess Isabelle. He pressed her to his bosom—he conjured her to awake—entreated her to be of good cheer—for that she was now under the protection of one who had heart and hand enough to defend her against armies.

«Durward,» she said, as she at length collected herself, «is it indeed you?—then there is some hope left. I thought all living and mortal friends had left me to my fate—Do not again abandon me.»

«Never—never,» said Durward. «Whatever shall happen—whatever danger shall approach, may I forfeit the benefits purchased by yonder blessed sign, if I be not the sharer of your fate until it is again a happy one!»

«Very pathetic and touching, truly,» said a rough, broken, asthmatic voice behind—«A love affair, I see; and, from my soul, I pity the tender creature, as if she were my own Trudchen.»

«You must do more than pity us,» said Quen-

tin, turning towards him; you must assist in protecting us, Meinheer Pavillon. Be assured, this lady was put under my especial charge by your ally the King of France; and if you aid me not to shelter her from every species of offence and violence, your city will lose the favour of Louis of Valois. Above all, she must be guarded from the hands of William de la Marck."

"That will be difficult," said Pavillon, "for these schelms of Lanzknechts are very devils at rummaging out the wenches; but I'll do my best—We will to the other apartment, and there I will consider—It is but a narrow stair, and you can keep the door with a pike, while I look from the window, and get together some of my brisk boys of the carriers' guildry of Liege, that are as true as the knives they wear in their girdles.—But first undo me these clasps—for I have not worn this corslet since the battle of Saint Tron; and I am three stone heavier since that time, if there be truth in Dutch beam and scale."

The undoing of the iron enclosure gave great relief to the honest man, who, in putting it on, had more considered his zeal to the cause of Liege, than his capacity of bearing arms. It afterwards turned out, that being, as it were, borne forward involuntarily, and hoisted over the walls by his company as they thronged to the assault, the magistrate had been carried here and there, as the tide of attack and defence

flowed or ebbed, without the power, latterly, of even uttering a word; until, as the sea casts a log of drift-wood ashore in the first creek, he had been ultimately thrown down in the entrance to the ladies of Croye's apartments, where the incumbrance of his own armour, with the superincumbent weight of two men slain in the entrance, and who fell above him, might have fixed him down long enough, had he not been relieved by Durward.

The same warmth of temper which rendered Hermann Pavillon a hot-headed intemperate zealot in politics, had the more desirable consequence of making him in private a good-tempered, kind-hearted man, who, if sometimes a little misled by vanity, was always well-meaning and benevolent. He told Quentin to have an especial care of the poor pretty *yung frau*; and after this unnecessary exhortation, began to hollo from the window, «Liege, Liege, for the gallant skinnners' guild of curriers!»

One or two of his immediate followers collected at the summons, and at the peculiar whistle with which it was accompanied (each of the crafts having such a signal among themselves), and more joining them, established a guard under the window from which their leader was bawling, and before the postern door.

Matters seemed now settling into some sort of tranquillity. All opposition had ceased, and

the leaders of different classes were taking measures to prevent indiscriminate plunder. The great bell was tolled as summons to a military council, and its iron tongue, communicating to Liege the triumphant possession of Schonwaldt by the insurgents, was answered by all the bells in that city, whose distant and clamorous voices seemed to cry, Hail to the victors. It would have been natural, that Meinheer Pavillon should now have sallied from his fastness; but, either in reverent care of those whom he had taken under his protection, or perhaps for the better assurance of his own safety, he contented himself with dispatching messenger on messenger, to command his lieutenant, Peterkin Geislaer, to attend him directly.

Peterkin came at length, to his great relief, as being the person upon whom, on all pressing occasions, whether of war, politics, or commerce, Pavillon was most accustomed to repose confidence. He was a stout squat figure, with a square face, and broad black eye-brows, that announced him no granter of propositions,—an advice-giving countenance, so to speak. He was endued with a buff jerkin, and wore a broad belt and cutlass by his side, and a halberd in his hand.

“Peterkin, my dear lieutenant,” said his commander, “this has been a glorious day—

night, I should say—I trust thou art pleased for once?”

“I am well enough pleased that you are so,” said the doughty lieutenant; “though I should not have thought of your celebrating the victory, if you call it one, up in this garret by yourself, when you are wanted in council.”

“But *am* I wanted there?” said the syndic.

“Ay, marry are you, to stand up for the rights of Liege, that are in more danger than ever,” answered the lieutenant.

“Pshaw, Peterkin,” answered his principal, “thou art ever such a frampold grumbler——”

“Grumbler! not I,” said Peterkin; “what pleases other people will always please me. Only I wish we have not got King Stork, instead of King Log, like the fabliau that the Clerk of Saint Lambert’s used to read us out of Meister’s Æsop’s book.”

“I cannot guess your meaning, Peterkin,” said the syndic.

“Why then I tell you, Master Pavillon, that this Boar, or Bear, is like to make his own den of Schonwaldt, and ’t is probable to turn out as bad a neighbour as ever was the old bishop, and worse. Here has he taken the whole conquest in his own hand, and is only doubting whether he should be called prince or bishop;—and it is a shame to see how they have mis-handled the old man among them.”

“I will not permit it, Peterkin,” said Pavillon,

bustling up; "I disliked the mitre, but not the head that wore it. We are ten to one in the field, Peterkin, and will not permit these courses."

"Ay, ten to one in the field, but only man to man in the castle; besides that Nikkel Blok, the butcher, and all the rabble of the suburbs, take part with William de la Marck, partly for *saus* and *brans* (for he has broached all the ale-tubs and wine-casks), and partly for old envy at us, who are the craftsmen, and have privileges."

"Peter," said Pavillon, "we will go presently to the city. I will stay no longer in Schonwaldt."

"But the bridges are up, master," said Geislaer—"the gates locked and guarded by these Lanzknechts; and, if we were to try to force our way, these fellows, whose every-day business is war, might make wild work of us, that fight only of a holiday."

"But why has he secured the gates?" said the alarmed burgher; "or what business hath he to make honest men prisoners?"

"I cannot tell—not I," said Peter. "Some noise there is about the ladies of Croye, who have escaped during the storm of the castle. That first put the Man with the Beard beside himself with anger, and now he's beside himself with drink also."

The burgomaster cast a disconsolate look

towards Quentin, and seemed at a loss what to resolve upon. Durward, who had not lost a word of the conversation, which alarmed him very much, saw nevertheless that their only safety depended on his preserving his own presence of mind, and sustaining the courage of Pavillon. He struck boldly into the conversation, as one who had a right to have a voice in the deliberation.—“I am ashamed,” he said, “Meinheer Pavillon, to observe you hesitate what to do on this occasion. Go boldly to William de la Marck, and demand to leave the castle, you, your lieutenant, your squire, and your daughter. He can have no pretence for keeping you prisoner.”

“For me and my lieutenant—that is myself and Peter?—good—but who is my squire?”

“I am, for the present,” replied the undaunted Scot.

“You!” said the embarrassed bargess; “but are you not the envoy of King Louis of France?”

“True, but my message is to the magistrates of Liege—and only in Liege will I deliver it.—Were I to acknowledge my quality before William de la Marck, must I not enter into negotiation with him?—ay, and it is like, be detained by him. You must get me secretly out of the castle in the capacity of your squire.”

“Good, my squire;—but you spoke of my daughter—my daughter is, I trust, safe in my

house in Liege—where I wish her father was, with all my heart and soul.”

“This lady,” said Durward, “will call you father while we are in this place.”

“And for my whole life afterwards,” said the countess, throwing herself at the citizen’s feet, and clasping his knees.—“Never shall the day pass in which I will not honour you, love you, and pray for you as a daughter for a father, if you will but aid me in this fearful strait—O be not hard-hearted! think your own daughter may kneel to a stranger, to ask him for life and honour—think of this, and give *me* the protection you would wish *her* to receive!”

“In troth,” said the good citizen, much moved with her pathetic appeal—“I think, Peter, that this pretty maiden hath a touch of our Trudchen’s sweet look,—I thought so from the first; and that this brisk youth here, who is so ready with his advice, is somewhat like Trudchen’s bachelor—I wager a groat, Peter, that this is a true-love matter, and it is a sin not to further it.”

“It were shame and sin both,” said Peter, a good-natured Fleming, notwithstanding all his self-conceit; and as he spoke, he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his jerkin.

“She *shall* be my daughter, then,” said Pavillon, “well wrapped up in her black silk veil; and if there are not enough of true-hearted skinnners to protect her, being the daughter of

their syndic, it were pity they should ever tug leather more.—But hark ye,—questions must be answered—what should my daughter make here at such an onslaught?»

«What should half the women in Liege make here when they followed us to the castle,» said Peter, «excepting because it was just the place in the world that they should *not* have come to?—Your *yung frau* Trudchen has come a little farther than the rest—that is all.»

«Admirably spoken,» said Quentin; «only be bold, and take this gentleman's good counsel, noble Meinheer Pavillon, and, at no trouble to yourself, you will do the most worthy action since the days of Charlemagne.—Here, sweet lady, wrap yourself close in this veil (for many articles of female apparel lay scattered about the apartment),—be but confident, and a few minutes will place you in freedom and safety.—Noble sir,» he added, addressing Pavillon, «set forward.»

«Hold—hold—hold a minute,» said Pavillon, «my mind misgives me!—This De la Marck is a fury; a perfect boar in his nature as in his name; what if the young lady be one of those of Croye?—and what if he discover her, and be addicted to wrath?»

«And if I were one of those unfortunate women,» said Isabelle, again attempting to throw herself at his feet, «could you for that reject me in this moment of despair? Oh, that I had

been indeed your daughter, or the daughter of the poorest burgher!"

"Not so poor—not so poor neither, young lady—we pay as we go," said the citizen.

"Forgive me, noble sir,"—again began the unfortunate maiden.

"Not noble, nor sir neither," said the syndic; "a plain burgher of Liege, that pays bills of exchange in ready guilders.—But that is nothing to the purpose.—Well, say you *be* a countess, I will protect you nevertheless."

"You are bound to protect her, were she a duchess," said Peter, "having once passed your word."

"Right, Peter, very right, it is our old Low Dutch fashion, *ein wort, ein man*; and now let us to this gear.—We must take leave of this William de la Marck; and yet I know not, my mind misgives me when I think of him; and were it a ceremony which could be waived, I have no stomach to go through it."

"Were you not better, since you have a force together, make for the gate and force the guard?" said Quentin.

But, with united voice, Pavillon and his adviser exclaimed against the propriety of such an attack upon their ally soldiers, with some hints concerning its rashness, which satisfied Quentin that it was not a risk to be hazarded with such associates. They resolved, therefore, to repair boldly to the great hall of the

castle, where, as they understood, the Wild Boar of Ardennes held his feast, and demand free egress for the Syndic of Liege and his company, a request too reasonable, as it seemed, to be denied. Still the good burgomaster groaned when he looked on his companions, and exclaimed to his faithful Peter,—“See what it is to have too bold and too tender a heart! Alas! Perkin, how much have courage and humanity cost me! and how much may I yet have to pay for my virtues, before Heaven makes us free of this damned Castle of Schonwaldt!”

As they crossed the courts, still strewn with the dying and dead, Quentin, while he supported Isabelle through the scene of horrors, whispered to her courage and comfort, and reminded her that her safety depended entirely on her firmness and presence of mind.

“Not on mine—not on mine,” she said, “but on yours—on yours only.—O, if I but escape this fearful night, never shall I forget him who saved me! One favour more only let me implore at your hand, and I conjure you to grant it, by your mother’s fame and your father’s honour!”

“What is it you can ask that I could refuse?” said Quentin, in a whisper.

“Plunge your dagger in my heart,” said she, “rather than leave me captive in the hands of these monsters.”

Quentin's only answer was a pressure of the young countess's hand, which seemed as if, but for terror, it would have returned the caress. And, leaning on her youthful protector, she entered the fearful hall, preceded by Pavillon and his lieutenant, and followed by a dozen of the kurschen-schaft, or skinners' trade, who attended, as a guard of honour, on the syndic.

As they approached the hall, the yells of acclamation, and bursts of wild laughter, which proceeded from it, seemed rather to announce the revel of festive demons, rejoicing after some accomplished triumph over the human race, than of mortal beings, who had succeed in a bold design. An emphatic tone of mind, which despair alone could have inspired, supported the assumed courage of the Countess Isabelle; undaunted spirits, which rose with the extremity, maintained that of Durward; while Pavillon and his lieutenant made a virtue of necessity, and endured like bears bound to a stake, which must necessarily stand the dangers of the course.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REVELLERS.

Cade.—Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick.—Here, sir.

Cade.—They fell before thee like sheep and oxen; and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house.

Second Part of King Henry VI.

THERE could hardly exist a more strange and horrible change than had taken place in the castle hall of Schonwaldt since Quentin had partaken of the noontide meal there; and it was indeed one which painted in the extremity of their dreadful features the miseries of war—more especially when waged by those most relentless of all agents, the mercenary soldiers of a barbarous age—men who, by habit and profession, had become familiarized with all that was cruel and bloody in the profession, while they were devoid alike of patriotism and of the romantic spirit of chivalry—the peculiar virtues, the former of the bold peasants, who

fought in defence of their country, and the latter of the gallant knighthood of the period, who combated for honour and their lady's love.

Instead of the orderly, decent, and somewhat formal meal, at which civil and ecclesiastical officers had, a few hours before, sate mingled in the same apartment, where a light jest could only be uttered in a whisper, and where, even amid superfluity of feasting and of wine, there reigned a decorum which almost amounted to hypocrisy, there was now such a scene of wild and roaring debauchery, as Satan himself, had he taken the chair as founder of the feast, could scarcely have improved.

At the head of the table sate, in the bishop's throne and state, which had been hastily brought thither from his great council-chamber, the redoubted Boar of Ardennes himself, well deserving that dreaded name, in which he affected to delight, and which he did as much as he could think of to deserve. His head was unhelmeted, but he wore the rest of his ponderous and bright armour, which indeed he rarely laid aside. Over his shoulders hung a strong surcoat, made of the dressed skin of a huge wild boar, the hoofs being of solid silver, and the tusks of the same. The skin of the head was so arranged, that, drawn over the casque, when the baron was armed, or over his bare head, in the fashion of a hood, as he

often affected when the helmet was laid aside, and as he now wore it, the effect was that of a grinning ghastly monster; and yet the countenance which it overshadowed scarce required such horrors to improve those which were natural to its ordinary expression.

The upper part of De la Marck's face, as nature had formed it, almost gave the lie to his character; for though his hair, when uncovered, resembled the rude and wild bristles of the hood he had drawn over it, yet an open, high, and manly forehead, broad ruddy cheeks, large, sparkling, light-coloured eyes, and a nose hooked like the beak of the eagle, promised something valiant and generous; yet the effect of these more favourable traits was entirely overpowered by his habits of violence and insolence, which, joined to debauchery and intemperance, had stamped upon the features a character inconsistent with the rough gallantry which they would otherwise have exhibited. The former had, from habitual indulgence, swoln the muscles of the cheeks and those around the eyes, in particular the latter; evil practices and habits had dimmed the eyes themselves, reddened the part of them that should have been white, and given the whole face a hideous resemblance of the monster, which it was the terrible baron's pleasure to resemble. But from an odd sort of contradiction, De la Marck, while he assumed in other

respects the appearance of the Wild Boar, and even seemed pleased with the name, yet endeavoured, by the length and growth of his beard, to conceal the circumstance that had originally procured him that denomination. This was an unusual thickness and projection of the mouth and upper-jaw, which, with huge projecting side-teeth, gave that resemblance to the bestial creation, which, joined to the delight that De la Marck had in haunting the forest so called, originally procured for him the name of the Boar of Ardennes. The beard, broad, grisly, and uncombed, neither concealed the horrors of the countenance, nor dignified its brutal expression.

The soldiers and officers sate around the table, intermixed with the men of Liege, some of them of the very lowest description; among whom Nikkel Blok the butcher, placed near De la Marck himself, was distinguished by his tucked up sleeves, which displayed arms smeared to the elbows with blood, as was the cleaver which lay on the table before him. The soldiers wore, most of them, their beards long and grisly, in imitation of their leader; had their hair plaited and turned upwards, in the manner that might best improve the natural ferocity of their appearance; and, intoxicated, as many of them seemed to be, partly with the sense of triumph, and partly with the long libations of wine which they had been quaff-

ing, presented a spectacle at once hideous and disgusting. The language which they held, and the songs which they sung, without even pretending to pay each other the compliment of listening, were so full of license and blasphemy, that Quentin blessed God that the extremity of the noise prevented them from being intelligible to his companion.

It only remains to say, of the burghers who were associated with William de la Marck's soldiers in this fearful revel, that the wan faces and anxious mien of the greater part showed that they either disliked their entertainment, or feared their companions; while some of lower education, or a nature more brutal, saw only in the excesses of the soldier a gallant bearing, which they would willingly imitate, and the tone of which they endeavoured to catch so far as was possible, and stimulated themselves to the task, by swallowing immense draughts of wine and *schwarzbier*—indulging a vice which at all times was too common in the Low Countries.

The preparations for the feast had been as disorderly as the quality of the company. The whole of the bishop's plate—nay, even that belonging to the Church, for the Boar of Ardennes regarded not the imputation of sacrilege—were mingled with black-jacks, or huge tankards made of leather, and drinking-horns of the most ordinary description.

One circumstance of horror remains to be added and accounted for; and we willingly leave the rest of the scene to the imagination of the reader. Amidst the wild license assumed by the soldiers of de la Marck, one who was excluded from the table (a Lanzknecht, remarkable for his courage and for his daring behaviour during the storm of the evening), had impudently snatched up a large silver goblet, and carried it off, declaring it should atone for his loss of the share of the feast. The leader laughed till his sides shook at a jest so congenial to the character of the company; but when another, less renowned, it would seem, for audacity in battle, ventured on using the same freedom, de la Marck instantly put a check to a jocular practice, which would soon have cleared his table of all the more valuable decorations.—“Ho! by the spirit of the thunder!” he exclaimed, “those who dare not be men when they face the enemy must not pretend to be thieves among their friends. What! thou frontless dastard thou—thou who didst wait for opened gate and lowered bridge, when Conrade Horst forced his way over moat and wall, must *thou* be malapert?—Knit him up to the stanchions of the hall-window!—He shall beat time with his feet, while we drink a cup to his safe passage to the devil.”

The doom was scarce sooner pronounced than accomplished; and in a moment the

wretch wrestled out his last agonies, suspended from the iron bars. His body still hung there when Quentin and the others entered the hall, and, intercepting the pale moonbeam, threw on the castle-floor an uncertain shadow, which dubiously, yet fearfully, intimated the nature of the substance that produced it.

When the Syndic Pavillon was announced from mouth to mouth in this tumultuous meeting, he endeavoured to assume, in right of his authority and influence, an air of importance and equality, which a glance at the fearful object at the window, and at the wild scene around him, rendered it very difficult for him to sustain, notwithstanding the exhortations of Peter, who whispered in his ear, with some perturbation, «Up heart, master, or we are but gone men!»

The syndic maintained his dignity, however, as well as he could, in a short address, in which he complimented the company upon the great victory gained by the soldiers of De la Marck and the good citizens of Liege.

«Ay,» answered De la Marck, sarcastically, «we have brought down the game at last, quoth my lady's brach to the wolf-hound. But ho! Sir Burgomaster, you come like Mars, with beauty by your side. Who is this fair one?—Unveil, unveil—no woman calls her beauty her own to-night.»

« It is my daughter, noble leader, » answered Pavillon; « and I am to pray your forgiveness for her wearing a veil. She has a vow for that effect to the Three Blessed Kings. »

« I will absolve her of it presently, » said De la Marck; « for here, with one stroke of a cleaver, will I consecrate myself Bishop of Liege; and I trust one living bishop is worth three dead kings. »

There was a shuddering among the guests; for the community of Liege, and even some of the rude soldiers, revered the Kings of Cologne, as they were commonly called, though they respected nothing else.

« Nay, I mean no treason against their defunct majesties, » said De la Marck; « only bishop I am determined to be. A prince both secular and ecclesiastical, having power to bind and loose, will best suit a band of reprobates such as you, to whom no one else would give absolution.—But come hither, noble burgomaster—sit beside me, when you shall see me make a vacancy for my own preferment.—Bring in our predecessor in the holy seat. »

A bustle took place in the hall, while Pavillon, excusing himself from the proffered seat of honour, placed himself near the bottom of the table, his followers keeping close behind him, not unlike a flock of sheep which may be sometimes seen to assemble in the rear of an old bell-wether, who is, from office and

authority, judged by them to have rather more courage than themselves. Near the spot sate a very handsome lad, a natural son, as was said, of the ferocious De la Marck, and concerning whom he sometimes showed affection, and even tenderness. The mother of the boy, a beautiful concubine, had perished by a blow dealt her by the ferocious leader in a fit of drunkenness or jealousy; and her fate had caused her tyrant as much remorse as he was capable of feeling. His attachment to the surviving orphan might be partly owing to these circumstances. Quentin, who had learned this point of the leader's character from the old priest, planted himself as close as he could to the youth in question, determined to make, in some way or other, either a hostage or a protector, should other means of safety fail them.

While all stood in a kind of suspense, waiting the event of the orders which the tyrant had issued, one of Pavillon's followers whispered Peter, "Did not our master call that wench his daughter?—Why, it cannot be our Trudchen. This strapping lass is taller by two inches; and there is a black lock of hair peeps forth yonder from under her veil. By Saint Michael of the Market-place, you might as well call a black bullock's hide a white heifer's!"

"Hush! hush!" said Peter, with some pre-

sence of mind—"What if our master hath a mind to steal a piece of doe-venison out of the bishop's park here, without our good dame's knowledge? And is it for thee or me to be a spy on him?"

"That will not I, brother," answered the other, "though I would not have thought of his turning deer-stealer at his years. Sapperment—what a shy fairy it is! See how she crouches down on yonder seat, behind folk's backs, to escape the gaze of the Marckers.—But hold, hold; what are they about to do with the poor old bishop?"

As he spoke, the Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, was dragged into the hall of his own palace by the brutal soldiery. The dishevelled state of his hair, beard, and attire, bore witness to the ill-treatment he had already received; and some of his sacerdotal robes, hastily flung over him, appeared to have been put on in scorn and ridicule of his quality and character. By good fortune, as Quentin was compelled to think it, the Countess Isabelle, whose feelings at seeing her protector in such an extremity might have betrayed her own secret and compromised her safety, was so situated as neither to hear nor see what was about to take place; and Durward sedulously interposed his own person before her, so as to keep her from observing alike, and from observation.

The scene which followed was short and fearful. When the unhappy prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, although in former life only remarkable for his easy and good-natured temper, he showed in this extremity a sense of his dignity and noble blood, well becoming the high race from which he was descended. His look was composed and undismayed; his gesture, when the rude hands which dragged him forward were unloosed, was noble, and at the same time resigned, somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr; and so much was even De la Marck himself staggered by the firm demeanour of his prisoner, and recollection of the early benefits he had received from him, that he seemed irresolute, cast down his eyes, and it was not until he had emptied a large goblet of wine, that, resuming his haughty insolence of look and manner, he thus addressed his unfortunate captive:—“Louis of Bourbon,” said the truculent soldier, drawing hard his breath, clenching his hands, setting his teeth, and using the other mechanical actions to rouse up and sustain his native ferocity of temper—“I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise?—Nikkel, be ready.”

The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and, stealing round behind De la Marck's chair,

stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arms.

“Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon,” said De la Marck again—“What terms wilt thou now offer, to escape this dangerous hour?”

The bishop cast a melancholy but unshaken look upon the grisly satellite, who seemed prepared to execute the will of the tyrant, and then said with firmness, “Hear me, William de la Marck; and good men all, if there be any here who deserve that name, hear the only terms I can offer to this ruffian.—William de la Marck, thou hast stirred up to sedition an imperial city—hast assaulted and taken the palace of a Prince of the Holy German Empire—slain his people—plundered his goods—maltreated his person;—for this thou art liable to the Ban of the Empire—hast deserved to be declared outlawed and fugitive, landless and rightless. Thou hast done more than all this. More than mere human laws hast thou broken—more than mere human vengeance hast thou deserved. Thou hast broken into the sanctuary of the Lord—laid violent hands upon a Father of the Church—defiled the house of God with blood and rapine, like a sacrilegious robber——”

“Hast thou yet done?” said De la Marck, fiercely interrupting him, and stamping with his foot.

« No, » answered the prelate, « for I have not yet told thee the terms which you demanded to hear from me. »

« Go on, » said De la Marck ; « and let the terms please me better than the preface, or woe to thy grey head ! » And flinging himself back in his seat, he grinded his teeth, till the foam flew from his lips, as from the tusks of the savage animal whose name and spoils he wore.

« Such are thy crimes, » resumed the bishop, with calm determination ; « now hear the terms, which, as a merciful prince and a Christian prelate, setting aside all personal offence, forgiving each peculiar injury, I condescend to offer. Fling down thy leading-staff—renounce thy command—unbind thy prisoners—restore thy spoil—distribute what else thou hast of goods, to relieve those whom thou hast made orphans and widows—array thyself in sackcloth and ashes—take a palmer's staff in thy hand, and go on pilgrimage to Rome, and we will ourselves be intercessors for thee with the imperial Chamber at Ratisbon for thy life, with our Holy Father the Pope for thy miserable soul. »

While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms, in a tone as decided as if he still occupied his episcopal throne, and as if the usurper kneeled a suppliant at his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair ; the amazement with which he was at first filled

giving way gradually to rage, until, as the bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger, without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered bishop sunk, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne. The Liegeois, who were not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, and who had expected to hear the conference end in some terms of accommodation, started up unanimously, with cries of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance.

But William de la Marck, raising his tremendous voice above the tumult, and shaking his clenched hand and extended arm, shouted aloud, « How now, ye porkers of Liege ! ye wallowers in the mud of the Maes ! — do ye dare to mate yourselves with the Wild Boar of Ardennes ? — Up, ye Boar's brood ! (an expression by which he himself, and others, often designated his soldiers,) let these Flemish hogs see your tusks ! »

Every one of his followers started up at the command, and, mingled as they were among their late allies, prepared too for such a surprisal, each had, in an instant, his next neighbour by the collar, while his right hand brandished a broad dagger, that glimmered against lamplight and moonshine. Every arm was uplifted, but no one struck ; for the victims

were too much surprised for resistance, and it| was probably the object of de la Marck only to impose terror on his civic confederates.

But the courage of Quentin Durward, prompt and alert in resolution beyond his years, and stimulated at the moment by all that could add energy to his natural shrewdness and resolution, gave a new turn to the scene. Imitating the action of the followers of De la Marck, he sprung on Carl Ebersson, the son of their leader, and, mastering him with ease, held his dirk at the boy's throat, while he exclaimed, « Is that your game? then here I play my part.»

« Hold! hold!» exclaimed De la Marck, « it is a jest—a jest!—Think you I would injure my good friends and allies of the city of Liege?—Soldiers, unloose your holds; sit down; take away the carrion (giving the bishop's corpse a thrust with his foot) which hath caused this strife among friends, and let us drown unkindness in a fresh carouse.»

All unloosened their holds, and the citizens and soldiers stood gazing on each other, as if they scarce knew whether they were friends or foes. Quentin Durward took advantage of the moment.

« Hear me,» he said, « William de la Marck, and you, burghers and citizens of Liege;—and do you, young sir, stand still (for the boy Carl

was attempting to escape from his gripe); no harm shall befall you, unless another of these sharp jests shall pass round."

"Who art thou, in the fiend's name," said the astonished De la Marck, "who art come to hold terms and take hostages from us in our own lair—from us, who exact pledges from others, but yield them to no one?"

"I am a servant of King Louis of France," said Quentin, boldly; "an archer of his Scottish Guard, as my language and dress may partly tell you. I am here to behold and to report your proceedings; and I see with wonder, that they are those of heathens, rather than Christians—of madmen, rather than men possessed of reason. The hosts of Charles of Burgundy will be instantly in motion against you all, and if you wish assistance from France, you must conduct yourself in a different manner.—For you, men of Liege, I advise your instant return to your own city; and if there is any obstruction offered to your departure, I denounce those by whom it is so offered, foes to my master, his Most Christian Majesty of France."

"France and Liege! France and Liege!" cried the followers of Pavillon, and several other citizens, whose courage began to rise at the bold language held by Quentin.

"France and Liege, and long live the gallant archer! We will live and die with him!"

William de la Marck's eyes sparkled, and he grasped his dagger as if about to launch it at the heart of the audacious speaker; but, glancing his eye around, he read something in the looks of his soldiers, which even *he* was obliged to respect. Many of them were Frenchmen, and all of them knew the private support which William had received, both in men and in money, from that kingdom; nay, some of them were rather startled at the violent and sacrilegious action which had been just committed. The name of Charles of Burgundy, a person likely to resent to the utmost the deeds of that night, and the extreme impolicy of at once quarrelling with the Liegeois and provoking the Monarch of France, made an appalling impression on their minds, confused as their intellects were. De la Marck, in short, saw he would not be supported, even by his own band, in any further act of violence, and, relaxing the terrors of his brow and eye, declared that « he had not the least design against his good friends of Liege, all of whom were at liberty to depart from Schonwaldt at their pleasure; although he had hoped they would revel one night with him, at least, in honour of their victory.» He added, with more calmness than he commonly used, that « he would be ready to enter into negotiation concerning the partition of spoil, and the arrangement of measures for their mutual

defence, either the next day, or as soon after as they would. Meantime, he trusted that the Scottish gentleman would honour his feast by remaining all night at Schonwaldt."

The young Scot returned his thanks, but said, his motions must be determined by those of Pavillon, to whom he was directed particularly to attach himself; but that, unquestionably, he would attend him on his next return to the quarters of the valiant William de la Marck.

"If you depend on my motions," said Pavillon, hastily, "you are likely to quit Schonwaldt without an instant's delay;—and, if you do not come back to Schonwaldt, save in my company, you are not likely to see it again in a hurry."

This last part of the sentence the honest citizen muttered to himself, afraid of the consequences of giving audible vent to feelings, which, nevertheless, he was unable altogether to suppress.

"Keep close about me, my brisk kurschner lads," he said to his body-guard, "and we will get as fast as we can out of this den of thieves."

Most of the better classes of the Liegeois seemed to entertain similar opinions with the syndic, and there was not so much joy amongst them at the obtaining possession of Schonwaldt, as now seemed to arise from the prospect of getting safe out of it. They were suffered to leave the castle without opposition of

any kind; and glad was Quentin when he turned his back on those formidable walls.

For the first time since they had entered that dreadful hall, Quentin ventured to ask the young countess how she did.

“Well, well,” she answered, in a feverish haste, “excellently well; do not stop to ask a question; let us not lose an instant in words—Let us fly—let us fly!”

She endeavoured to mend her pace as she spoke; but with so little success, that she must have fallen from exhaustion, had not Durward supported her. With the tenderness of a mother, when she conveys her infant out of danger, the young Scot raised his precious charge in his arms; and, while she encircled his neck with one arm, lost to every other thought save the desire of escaping, he would not have wished one of the risks of the night unencountered, since such had been the conclusion.

The honest burgomaster was, in his turn, supported and dragged forward by his faithful counsellor Peter, and another of his clerks; and thus, in breathless haste, they reached the banks of the river, encountering many strolling bands of citizens, who were eager to know the event of the siege, and the truth of certain rumours already afloat that the conquerors had quarrelled among themselves.

Evading their curiosity as they best could,

the exertions of Peter and some of his companions at length procured a boat for the use of the company, and with it an opportunity of enjoying some repose, equally welcome to Isabelle, who continued to lie almost motionless in the arms of her deliverer, and to the worthy burgomaster, who, after delivering a broken string of thanks to Durward, whose mind was at the time too much occupied to answer him, began a long harangue, which he addressed to Peter, upon his own courage and benevolence, and the dangers to which these virtues had exposed him, on this and other occasions.

« Peter, Peter, » he said, resuming the complaint of the preceding evening; « if I had not had a bold heart, I would never have stood out against paying the burghers'-twentieths, when every other living soul was willing to pay the same.—Ay, and then a less stout heart had not seduced me into that other battle of Saint Tron, where a Hainault man-at-arms thrust me into a muddy ditch with his lance, which neither heart nor hand that I had could help me out of, till the battle was over.—Ay, and then, Peter, my courage seduced me, moreover, into too straight a corslet, which would have been the death of me, but for this gallant young gentleman, whose trade is fighting, whereof I wish him heartily joy. And then for my tenderness of heart, Peter, it has made a

poor man of me—that is, it would have made a poor man of me, if I had not been tolerably well to pass in this wicked world;—and, Heaven knows, what trouble it is like to bring on me yet, with ladies, and countesses, and keeping of secrets, which, for aught I know, may cost me half my fortune, and my neck into the bargain!”

Quentin could remain no longer silent, but assured him, that whatever danger or damage he should incur on the part of the young lady now under his protection, should be thankfully acknowledged, and, as far as was possible, repaid.

“I thank you, young Master Squire Archer, I thank you,” answered the citizen of Liege; “but who was it told you that I desired any repayment at your hand, for doing the duty of an honest man? I only regretted that it might cost me so and so; and I hope I may have leave to say so much to my lieutenant, without either grudging my loss or my peril.”

Quentin accordingly concluded that his present friend was one of the numerous class of benefactors to others, who take out their reward in grumbling, without meaning more than, by showing their grievances, to exalt a little the idea of the valuable service by which they have incurred them, and therefore prudently remained silent, and suffered the syndic to maunder on to his lieutenant concerning

the risk and the loss he had encountered by his zeal for the public good, and his disinterested services to individuals, until they reached his own habitation.

The truth was, that the honest citizen felt that he had lost a little consequence, by suffering the young stranger to take the lead at the crisis which had occurred at the castle-hall of Schonwaldt; and, however delighted with the effect of Durward's interference at the moment, it seemed to him, on reflection, that he had sustained a diminution of importance, for which he endeavoured to obtain compensation, by exaggerating the claims which he had upon the gratitude of his country in general, his friends in particular, and more especially still, on the Countess of Croye, and her youthful protector.

But when the boat stopped at the bottom of his garden, and he had got himself assisted on shore by Peter, it seemed as if the touch of his own threshold had at once dissipated those feelings of wounded self-opinion and jealousy, and converted the discontented and obscured demagogue into the honest, kind, hospitable, and friendly host. He called loudly for Trudchen, who presently appeared; for fear and anxiety would permit few within the walls of Liege to sleep during that eventful night. She was charged to pay the utmost attention to the care of the beautiful and half-fainting

stranger; and, admiring her personal charms, while she pitied her distress, Gertrude discharged the hospitable duty with the zeal and affection of a sister.

Late as it now was, and fatigued as the syndic appeared, Quentin, on his side, had difficulty to escape a flask of choice and costly wine, as old as the battle of Azincour; and must have submitted to take his share, however unwilling, but for the appearance of the mother of the family, whom Pavillon's loud summons for the keys of the cellar brought forth from her bed-room. She was a jolly little round-about woman, who had been pretty in her time, but whose principal characteristics for several years had been a red and sharp nose, a shrill voice, and a determination that the syndic, in consideration of the authority which he exercised when abroad, should remain under the rule of due discipline at home.

So soon as she understood the nature of the debate between her husband and his guest, she declared roundly, that the former, instead of having occasion for more wine, had got too much already; and far from using, in furtherance of his request, any of the huge bunch of keys which hung by a silver chain at her waist, she turned her back on him without ceremony, and ushered Quentin to the neat and pleasant apartment in which he was to spend the night, amid such appliances to rest and comfort as

probably he had till that moment been entirely a stranger to; so much did the wealthy Flemings excel, not merely the poor and rude Scots, but the French themselves, in all the conveniences of domestic life.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FLIGHT.

————— Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible ;
Yea, get the better of them.

* * * * *

————— Set on your foot ;
And, with a heart new fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what.

Julius Cæsar.

IN spite of a mixture of joy and fear, doubt, anxiety, and other agitating passions, the exhausting fatigues of the preceding day were powerful enough to throw the young Scot into a deep and profound repose, which lasted until late on the day following; when his worthy host entered the apartment, with looks of care on his brow.

He seated himself by his guest's bed-side, and began a long and complicated discourse upon the domestic duties of a married life, and especially upon the awful power and right supremacy which it became married men to

sustain in all differences of opinion with their wives. Quentin listened with some anxiety. He knew that husbands, like other belligerent powers, were sometimes disposed to sing *Te Deum*, rather to conceal a defeat than to celebrate a victory; and he hastened to probe the matter more closely by "hoping their arrival had been attended with no inconvenience to the good lady of the household."

"Inconvenience!—no," answered the burgomaster—"No woman can be less taken unawares than Mother Mabel—always happy to see her friends—always a clean lodging and a handsome meal ready for them, with God's blessing on bed and board—No woman on earth so hospitable—only 't is pity her temper is something particular."

"Our residence here is disagreeable to her, in short?" said the Scot, starting out of bed, and beginning to dress himself hastily. "Were I but sure the Lady Isabelle were fit for travel after the horrors of the last night, we would not increase the offence by remaining here an instant longer."

"Nay," said Pavillon, "that is just what the young lady herself said to Mother Mabel; and truly I wish you saw the colour that came to her face as she said it—a milk-maid that has skated five miles to market against the frost wind is a lily compared to it—I do not wonder

Mother Mabel may be a little jealous, poor dear soul.»

«Has the Lady Isabelle then left her apartment?» said the youth, continuing his toilet operations with more dispatch than before.

«Yes,» replied Pavillon; «and she expects your approach with much impatience, to determine which way you shall go—since you are both determined on going.—But I trust you will tarry breakfast?»

«Why did you not tell me this sooner?» said Durward, impatiently.

«Softly—softly,» said the syndic; «I have told it you too soon, I think, if it puts you into such a hasty fluster. Now I have some more matter for your ear, if I saw you had some patience to listen to me.»

«Speak it, worthy sir, as soon and as fast as you can—I listen devoutly.»

«Well, then,» resumed the burgomaster, «I have but one word to say, and that is, that Trudchen, who is as sorry to part with yonder pretty lady as if she had been some sister of hers, wants you to take some other disguise; for there is word in the town that the ladies of Croye travel the country in pilgrims' dresses, attended by a French Life-guardsman of the Scottish Archers; and it is said one of them was brought into Schonwaldt last night by a Bohemian after we had left it; and it was said still farther, that he had assured William de la

Marck that you were charged with no message either to him or to the good people of Liege, and that you had stolen away the young countess, and travelled with her as her paramour. And all this news hath come from Schonwaldt this morning; and it has been told to us and the other councillors, who know not well what to advise; for though our own opinion is that William de la Marck has been a thought too rough both with the bishop and with ourselves, yet there is a great belief that he is a good-natured soul at bottom—that is, when he is sober—and that he is the only leader in the world to command us against the Duke of Burgundy;—and, in truth, as matters stand, it is partly my own mind that we must keep fair with him, for we have gone too far to draw back.”

“Your daughter advises well,” said Quentin Durward, abstaining from reproaches or exhortations, which he saw would be alike unavailing to sway a resolution, which had been adopted by the worthy magistrate in compliance at once with the prejudices of his party and the inclination of his wife—“Your daughter counsels well—We must part in disguise, and that instantly. We may, I trust, rely upon you for the necessary secrecy, and for the means of escape?”

“With all my heart—with all my heart,” said the honest citizen, who, not much satisfied

with the dignity of his own conduct, was eager to find some mode of atonement. "I cannot but remember that I owed you my life last night, both for unclasping that accursed steel doublet, and helping me through the other scrape, which was worse, for yonder boar and his brood look more like devils than men. So I will be true to you as blade to haft, as our cutlers say, who are the best in the whole world. Nay, now you are ready, come this way—you shall see how far I can trust you."

The syndic led him from the chamber in which he had slept to his own counting-room, in which he transacted his affairs of business; and, after bolting the door, and casting a piercing and careful eye around him, he opened a concealed and vaulted closet behind the tapestry, in which stood more than one iron chest. He proceeded to open one which was full of guilders, and placed it at Quentin's discretion, to take whatever sum he might think necessary for his companion's expenses and his own.

As the money with which Quentin was furnished on leaving Plessis was now nearly expended, he hesitated not to accept the sum of two hundred guilders; and by doing so took a great weight from the mind of Pavillon, who considered the desperate transaction in which he thus voluntarily became the creditor, as an atonement for the breach of hospitality which

various considerations in a great measure compelled him to commit.

Having carefully locked his treasure-chamber, the wealthy Fleming next conveyed his guest to the parlour, where, in full possession of her activity of mind and body, though pale from the scenes of the preceding night, he found the countess attired in the fashion of a Flemish maiden of the middling class. No other was present excepting Trudchen, who was sedulously employed in completing the countess's dress, and instructing her how to bear herself. She extended her hand to him, which, when he had reverently kissed, she said to him, "Seignor Quentin, we must leave our friends here, unless I would bring on them a part of the misery which has pursued me ever since my father's death. You must change your dress and go with me, unless you also are tired of befriending a being so unfortunate."

"I!—I tired of being your attendant!—To the end of the earth will I guard you! But you—you yourself—are you equal to the task you undertake?—Can you, after the terrors of last night——"

"Do not recall them to my memory," answered the countess; "I remember but the confusion of a horrid dream.—Has the excellent bishop escaped?"

"I trust he is in freedom," said Quentin, making a sign to Pavillon, who seemed about

to enter on the dreadful narrative, to be silent.

« Is it possible for us to rejoin him?—Hath he gathered any power?» said the lady.

« His only hopes are in heaven,» said the Scot; « but wherever you wish to go, I stand by your side, a determined guide and guard.»

« We will consider,» said Isabelle; and, after a moment's pause, she added, « A convent would be my choice, but that I fear it would prove a weak defence against those who pursue me.»

« Hem! hem!» said the syndic; « I could not well recommend a convent within the district of Liege; because the Boar of Ardennes, though in the main a brave leader, a trusty confederate, and a well-wisher to our city, has, nevertheless, rough humours, and payeth on the whole little regard to cloisters, convents, nunneries, and the like. Men say that there are a score of nuns—that is, such as were nuns—who march always with his company.»

« Get yourself in readiness hastily, Seigneur Durward,» said Isabelle, interrupting this detail, « since to your faith I must needs commit myself.»

No sooner had the syndic and Quentin left the room, than Isabelle began to ask at Gertrude various questions concerning the roads, and so forth, with such clearness of spirit and pertinence, that the latter could not help exclaiming, « Lady, I wonder at you!—I have

heard of masculine firmness, but yours appears to me more than belongs to humanity.”

“Necessity,” answered the countess—“necessity, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention. No long time since, I fainted when I saw a drop of blood shed from a trifling cut—I have since seen life-blood flow around me, I may say, in waves, yet I have retained my senses and my self-possession.—Do not think it was an easy task,” she added, laying on Gertrude’s arm a trembling hand, although she still spoke with a firm voice; “the little world within me is like a garrison besieged by a thousand foes, whom nothing but the most determined resolution can keep from storming it on every hand, and at every moment. Were my situation one whit less perilous than it is—were I not sensible that my only chance to escape a fate more horrible than death, is to retain my recollection and self-possession—Gertrude, I would at this moment throw myself into your arms, and relieve my bursting bosom by such a transport of tears and sorrow, as never rushed from a breaking heart!”

“Do not do so, lady!” said the sympathizing Fleming; “take courage, tell your beads, throw yourself on the care of Heaven; and surely, if ever Heaven sent a deliverer to one ready to perish, that bold and adventurous young gentleman must be designed for yours. There

is one, too," she added, blushing deeply, "in whom I have some interest. Say nothing to my father; but I have ordered my bachelor, Hans Glover, to wait for you at the eastern gate, and never to see my face more, unless he brings word that he has guided you safe from the territory."

To kiss her tenderly was the only way in which the young countess could express her thanks to the frank and kind-hearted city-maiden, who returned the embrace affectionately, and added, with a smile, "Nay, if two maidens and their devoted bachelors cannot succeed in a disguise and an escape, the world is changed from what I am told it wont to be."

A part of this speech again called the colour into the countess's pale cheeks, which was not lessened by Quentin's sudden appearance. He entered completely attired as a Flemish boor of the better class, in the holiday suit of Peter, who expressed his interest in the young Scot by the readiness with which he parted with it for his use; and swore, at the same time, that, were he to be curried and tugged worse than ever was bullock's hide, they should make nothing out of him, to the betraying of the young folks. Two stout horses had been provided by the activity of Mother Mabel, who really desired the countess and her attendant no harm, so that she could make her own house and family clear of the dangers which might at-

tend upon harbouring them. She beheld them mount and go off with great satisfaction, after telling them that they would find their way to the east gate by keeping their eye on Peter, who was to walk in that direction as their guide, but without holding any visible communication with them.

The instant her guests had departed, Mother Mabel took the opportunity to read a long practical lecture to Trudchen upon the folly of reading romances, whereby the flaunting ladies of the court were grown so bold and venturous, that, instead of applying to learn some honest housewifery, they must ride, forsooth, a damsel-erranting through the country, with no better attendant than some idle squire, debauched page, or rake-helly archer from foreign parts, to the great danger of their health, the impoverishing of their substance, and the irreparable prejudice of their reputation.

All this Gertrude heard in silence, and without reply; but, considering her character, it might be doubted whether she derived from it the practical inference which it was her mother's purpose to enforce.

Meantime, the travellers had gained the eastern gate of the city, traversing crowds of people who were fortunately too much busied in the political events and rumours of the hour, to give any attention to a couple who had so little to render their appearance remarkable.

They passed the guards in virtue of a permission obtained for them by Pavillon, but in the name of his colleague Rouslaer, and they took leave of Peter Geislaer with a friendly, though brief, exchange of good wishes on either side. Immediately afterwards, they were joined by a stout young man, riding a good grey horse, who presently made himself known as Hans Glover, the bachelor of Trudchen Pavillon. He was a young fellow with a good Flemish countenance—not, indeed, of the most intellectual cast, but arguing more hilarity and good-humour than wit, and, as the countess could not help thinking, scarce worthy to be bachelor to the generous Trudchen. He seemed, however, fully desirous to second the views which she had formed in their favour; for, saluting them respectfully, he asked of the countess in Flemish, on which road she desired to be conducted?

“Guide me,” said she, “towards the nearest town on the frontiers of Brabant.”

“You have then settled the end and object of your journey?” said Quentin, approaching his horse to that of Isabelle, and speaking French, which their guide did not understand.

“Surely,” replied the young lady; “for, situated as I now am, it must be of no small detriment to me if I were to prolong a journey in my present circumstances, even though the termination should be a rigorous prison.”

«A prison?» said Quentin.

«Yes, my friend, a prison; but I will take care that you shall not share it.»

«Do not talk—do not think of me,» said Quentin. «Saw I you but safe, my own concerns are little worth minding.»

«Do not speak so loud,» said the Lady Isabelle; «you will surprise our guide—you see he has already rode on before us;»—for, in truth, the good-natured Fleming, doing as he desired to be done by, had removed from them the constraint of a third person upon Quentin's first motion towards the lady.—«Yes,» she continued, when she noticed they were free from observation, «to you, my friend, my protector—why should I be ashamed to call you what Heaven has made you to me—to you it is my duty to say, that my resolution is taken to return to my native country, and to throw myself on the mercy of the Duke of Burgundy. It was mistaken, though well-meant advice, which induced me ever to withdraw from his protection, and place myself under that of the crafty and false Louis of France.»

«And you resolve to become the bride, then, of the Count of Campo-Basso, the unworthy favourite of Charles?»

Thus spoke Quentin, with a voice in which internal agony struggled with his desire to assume an indifferent tone, like that of the poor condemned criminal, when, affecting a

firmness which he is far from feeling, he asks if the death-warrant be arrived.

« No, Durward, no, » said the Lady Isabelle, sitting up erect in her saddle, « to that hated condition all Burgundy's power shall not sink a daughter of the House of Croye. Burgundy may seize on my lands and fiefs, he may imprison my person in a convent; but that is the worst I have to expect; and worse than that I will endure ere I give my hand to Campo-Basso.»

« The worst ! » said Quentin ; « and what worse can there be than plunder and imprisonment?—Oh, think, while you have God's free air around you, and one by your side who will hazard life to conduct you to England, to Germany, even to Scotland, in all of which you would find generous protectors—O, while this is the case, do not resolve so rashly to abandon the means of liberty, the best gift that Heaven gives!—O, well sung a poet of my own land—

« Ah, Freedom is a noble thing—
Freedom makes man to have liking—
Freedom the zest to pleasure gives—
He lives at ease who freely lives.
Grief, sickness, poortith, want are all
Summ'd up within the name of thrall.»

She listened with a melancholy smile to her guide's tirade in praise of liberty; and then answered, after a moment's pause, « Freedom

is for man alone—woman must ever seek a protector, since nature made her incapable to defend herself. And where am I to find one?—In the voluptuary Edward of England—in the inebriated Wenceslaus of Germany—in Scotland?—Ah, Durward, were I your sister, and could you promise me shelter in some of those mountain-glens which you love to describe, where, for charity, or for the few jewels I have preserved, I might lead an unharassed life, and forget the lot I was born to—Could you promise me the protection of some honoured matron of the land—of some baron whose heart was as true as his sword—that were indeed a prospect, for which it were worth the risk of further censure to wander farther and wider!»

There was a faltering tenderness of voice, with which the Countess Isabelle made this admission, that at once filled Quentin with a sensation of joy, and cut him to the very heart. He hesitated a moment ere he made an answer, hastily reviewing in his mind the possibility there might be that he could procure her shelter in Scotland; but the melancholy truth rushed on him, that it would be alike base and cruel to point out to her a course, which he had not the most distant power or means to render safe. «Lady,» he said at last, «I should act foully against my honour and oath of chivalry, did I suffer you to ground any

plan upon the thoughts that I have the power in Scotland to afford you other protection, than that of the poor arm which is now by your side. I scarce know that my blood flows in the veins of an individual who now lives in my native land. The Knight of Innerquharity stormed our castle at midnight, and cut off all that belonged to my name. Were I again in Scotland, our feudal enemies are numerous and powerful, I single and weak; and even had the King a desire to do me justice, he dared not, for the sake of redressing the wrongs of a poor individual, provoke a chief who rides with five hundred horse."

"Alas!" said the countess, "there is then no corner of the world safe from oppression, since it rages as unrestrained amongst those wild hills which afford so few objects to covet, as in our rich and abundant lowlands!"

"It is a sad truth, and I dare not deny it," said the Scot, "that, for little more than the pleasure of revenge and the lust of bloodshed, our hostile clans do the work of executioners on each other; and Ogilvies and the like act the same scenes in Scotland as De la Marck and his robbers do in this country."

"No more of Scotland, then," said Isabelle, with a tone of indifference, either real or affected—"no more of Scotland,—which indeed I mentioned but in jest, to see if you really dared recommend to me, as a place of rest

the most distracted kingdom in Europe. It was but a trial of your sincerity, which I rejoice to see may be relied on, even when your partialities are most strongly excited. So, once more, I will think of no other protection than can be afforded by the first honourable baron holding of Duke Charles, to whom I am determined to render myself.»

«And why not rather betake yourself to your own estates, and to your own strong castle, as you designed when at Tours?» said Quentin. «Why not call around you the vassals of your father, and make treaty with Burgundy, rather than surrender yourself to him? Surely there must be many a bold heart that would fight in your cause; and I know at least of one, who would willingly lay down his life to give example.»

«Alas!» said the countess, «that scheme, the suggestion of the crafty Louis, and, like all which he ever suggested, designed more for his advantage than for mine, has become impracticable, since it was betrayed to Burgundy by the double traitor Zamet Hayraddin. My kinsman was then imprisoned, and my houses garrisoned. Any attempt of mine would but expose my vassals to the vengeance of Duke Charles; and why should I occasion more bloodshed than has already taken place on so worthless an account? No, I will submit myself to my sovereign as a dutiful vassal, in all which

shall leave my personal freedom of choice uninfringed; the rather that I trust my kinswoman, the Countess Hameline, who first counselled, and indeed urged my flight, has already taken this wise and honourable step."

"Your kinswoman!" repeated Quentin, awakened to recollections to which the young countess was a stranger, and which the rapid succession of perilous and stirring events had, as matters of nearer concern in fact, banished from his memory.

"Ay—my cousin—the Countess Hameline of Croye—know you aught of her?" said the Countess Isabelle; "I trust she is now under the protection of the Burgundian banner. You are silent. Know you aught of her?"

The last question, urged in a tone of the most anxious inquiry, obliged Quentin to give some account of what he knew of the countess's fate. He mentioned, that he had been summoned to attend her in a flight from Liege, which he had no doubt the Lady Isabelle would be partaker in—he mentioned the discovery that had been made after they had gained the forest—and finally, he told his own return to the castle, and the circumstances in which he found it. But he said nothing of the views with which it was plain the Lady Hameline had left the Castle of Schonwaldt, and as little about the floating report of her having fallen into the hands of William de la

Marck. Delicacy prevented his even hinting at the one, and regard for the feelings of his companion, at a moment when strength and exertion were most demanded of her, prevented him from alluding to the latter, which had, besides, only reached him as a mere rumour.

This tale, though abridged of those important particulars, made a strong impression on the Countess Isabelle, who, after riding some time in silence, said at last, with a tone of cold displeasure, "And so you abandoned my unfortunate relative in a wild forest, at the mercy of a vile Bohemian and a traitorous waiting-woman?—Poor kinswoman, thou wert wont to praise this youth's good faith!"

"Had I not done so, madam," said Quentin, not unreasonably offended at the turn thus given to his gallantry, "what had been the fate of one to whose service I was far more devotedly bound? Had I *not* left the Countess Hameline of Croye to the charge of those whom she had herself selected as counsellors and advisers, the Countess Isabelle had been ere now the bride of William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes."

"You are right," said the Countess Isabelle, in her usual manner; "and I, who have the advantage of your unhesitating devotion, have done you foul and ungrateful wrong. But oh, my unhappy kinswoman! and the wretch Mar-

thon, who enjoyed so much of her confidence and deserved it so little—it was she that introduced to my kinswoman the wretched Zamet and Hayraddin Maugrabin, who, by their pretended knowledge in soothsaying and astrology, obtained a great ascendancy over her mind; it was she who, strengthening their predictions, encouraged her in—I know not what to call them—delusions concerning matches and lovers, which my cousin's age rendered ungraceful and improbable. I doubt not that, from the beginning, we had been surrounded by these snares by Louis of France, in order to determine us to take refuge at his court, or rather to put ourselves into his power; after which rash act on our part, how unkingly, un-knightly, ignobly, ungentlemanly-like, he hath conducted himself towards us, you, Quentin Durward, can bear witness. But alas! my kinswoman—what think you will be her fate?”

Endeavouring to inspire hopes which he scarce felt, Durward answered, that the avarice of these people was stronger than any other passion; that Marthon, even when he left them, seemed to act rather as the Lady Hameline's protectress; and, in fine, that it was difficult to conceive any object these wretches could accomplish by the ill-usage or murder of the countess, whereas they might be gainers by treating her well, and putting her to ransom.

To lead the Countess Isabelle's thoughts from

this melancholy subject, Quentin frankly told her the treachery of the Maugrabin, which he had discovered in the night-quarter near Namur, and which appeared the result of an agreement betwixt the King and William de la Marck. Isabelle shuddered with horror, and then recovering herself said,—“I am ashamed, and I have sinned in permitting myself so far to doubt of the saints’ protection, as for an instant to have deemed possible the accomplishment of a scheme so utterly cruel, base, and dishonourable, while there are pitying eyes in heaven to look down on human miseries. It is not a thing to be thought of with fear or abhorrence, but to be rejected as such a piece of incredible treachery and villany, as it were atheism to believe could ever be successful. But I now see plainly why that hypocritical Marthon often seemed to foster every seed of petty jealousy or discontent betwixt my poor kinswoman and myself, whilst she always mixed with flattery, addressed to the individual who was present, whatever could prejudice her against her absent cousin. Yet never did I dream she could have proceeded so far as to have caused my once affectionate kinswoman to have left me behind in the perils of Schonwaldt, while she made her own escape.”

“Did the Lady Hameline not mention to you, then,” said Quentin, “her intended flight?”

“No,” replied the countess, “but she alluded

to some communication which Marthon was to make to me. To say truth, my poor kinswoman's head was so turned by the mysterious jargon of the miserable Hayraddin, whom that day she had admitted to a long and secret conference, and she threw out so many strange hints,—that—that—in short, I cared not to press on her, when in that humour, for any explanation. Yet it was cruel to leave me behind her.”

“I will excuse the Lady Hameline from such unkindness,” said Quentin; “for such was the agitation of the moment, and the darkness of the hour, that I believe the Lady Hameline as certainly conceived herself accompanied by her niece, as I at the same time, deceived by Marthon's dress and demeanour, supposed I was in the company of both the ladies of Croye—and of *her* especially,” he added, with a low but determined voice, “without whom the wealth of worlds would not have tempted me to leave Schonwaldt.”

Isabelle stooped her head forward, and seemed scarce to hear the emphasis with which Quentin had spoken. But she turned her face to him again when he began to speak of the policy of Louis; and it was not difficult for them, by mutual communication, to ascertain that the Bohemian brothers, with their accomplice Marthon, had been the agents of that crafty monarch, although Zamet, the elder of

them, with a perfidy peculiar to his race, had attempted to play a double game, and had been punished accordingly. In the same humour of mutual confidence, and forgetting the singularity of their own situation, as well as the perils of the road, the travellers pursued their journey for several hours, only stopping to refresh their horses at a retired dorff, or hamlet, to which they were conducted by Hans Glover, who, in all other respects, as well as in leaving them much to their own freedom in conversation, conducted himself like a person of reflection and discretion.

Meantime, the artificial distinction which divided the two lovers (for such we may now term them), seemed dissolved, or removed, by the circumstances in which they were placed; for if the countess boasted the higher rank, and was by birth entitled to a fortune incalculably larger than that of the youth, whose revenue lay in his sword, it was to be considered that, for the present, she was as poor as he, and for her safety, honour, and life, exclusively indebted to his presence of mind, valour, and devotion. They *spoke* not indeed of love, for though the young lady, her heart full of gratitude and confidence, might have pardoned such a declaration, yet Quentin, on whose tongue there was laid a check, both by natural timidity and by the sentiments of chivalry, would have held it an unworthy abuse of

her situation had he said any thing which could have the appearance of taking undue advantage of the opportunities which it afforded them. They *spoke* not then of love, but the thoughts of it were on both sides unavoidable; and thus they were placed in that relation to each other, in which sentiments of mutual regard are rather understood than announced, and which, with the freedoms which it permits, and the uncertainties that attend it, often forms the most delightful hours of human existence, and as frequently leads to those which are darkened by disappointment, fickleness, and all the pains of blighted hope and unrequited attachment.

It was two hours after noon, when the travellers were alarmed by the report of the guide, who, with paleness and horror in his countenance, said that they were pursued by a party of de la Marck's *Schwarz-reiters*. These soldiers, or rather banditti, were bands levied in the Lower Circles of Germany, and resembled the Lanknechts in every particular, except that the former acted as light cavalry. To maintain the name of Black Troopers, and to strike additional terror into their enemies, they usually rode on black chargers, and smeared with black ointment their arms and accoutrements, in which operation their hands and faces often had their share. In morals and in ferocity these Schwarz-

reiters emulated their pedestrian brethren the Lanzknechts.

On looking back, and discovering along the long level road which they had traversed a cloud of dust advancing, with one or two of the headmost troopers riding furiously in front of it, Quentin addressed his companion—"Dearest Isabelle, I have no weapon left save my sword; but since I cannot fight for you, I will fly with you. Could we gain yonder wood that is before us before they come up, we may easily find means of escape."

"So be it, my only friend," said Isabelle, pressing her horse to the gallop; "and thou, good fellow," she added, addressing Hans Glover, "get thee off to another road, and do not stay to partake our misfortune and danger."

The honest Fleming shook his head, and answered her generous exhortation, with *Nein, nein! das geht nichts*, and continued to attend them, all three riding towards the shelter of the wood as fast as their jaded horses could go, pursued, at the same time, by the Schwarz-reiters, who increased their pace when they saw them fly. But notwithstanding the fatigue of the horses, still the fugitives, being unarmed, and riding lighter in consequence, had considerably the advantage of the pursuers, and were within about a quarter of a mile of the wood, when a body of men-at-arms, under a

knight's pennon, was discovered advancing from the cover, so as to intercept their flight.

« They have bright armour,» said Isabelle; « they must be Burgundians. Be they who they will, we must yield to them, rather than to the lawless miscreants who pursue us.»

A moment after, she exclaimed, looking on the pennon, « I know the cloven heart which it displays! It is the banner of the Count of Crevecœur, a noble Burgundian—to him I will surrender myself.»

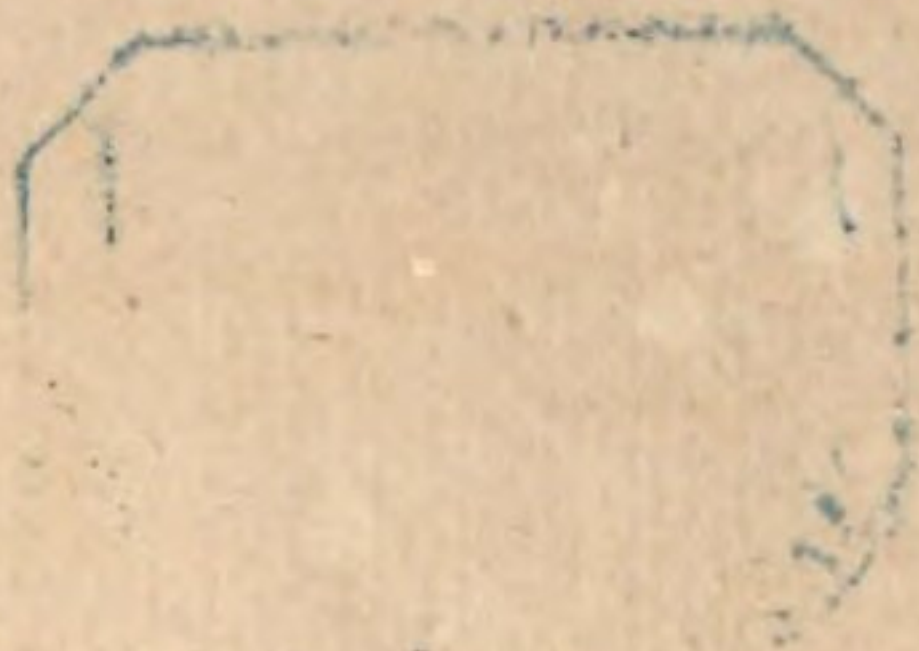
Quentin Durward sighed, but what other alternative remained? and how happy would he have been but an instant before, to have been certain of the escape of Isabelle, even under worse terms? They soon joined the band of Crevecœur, and the countess demanded to speak to the leader, who had halted his party till he should reconnoitre the Black Troopers; and as he gazed on her with doubt and uncertainty, she said, « Noble Count,—Isabelle of Croye, the daughter of your old companion in arms, Count Reinold of Croye, renders herself, and asks protection from your valour for her and hers.»

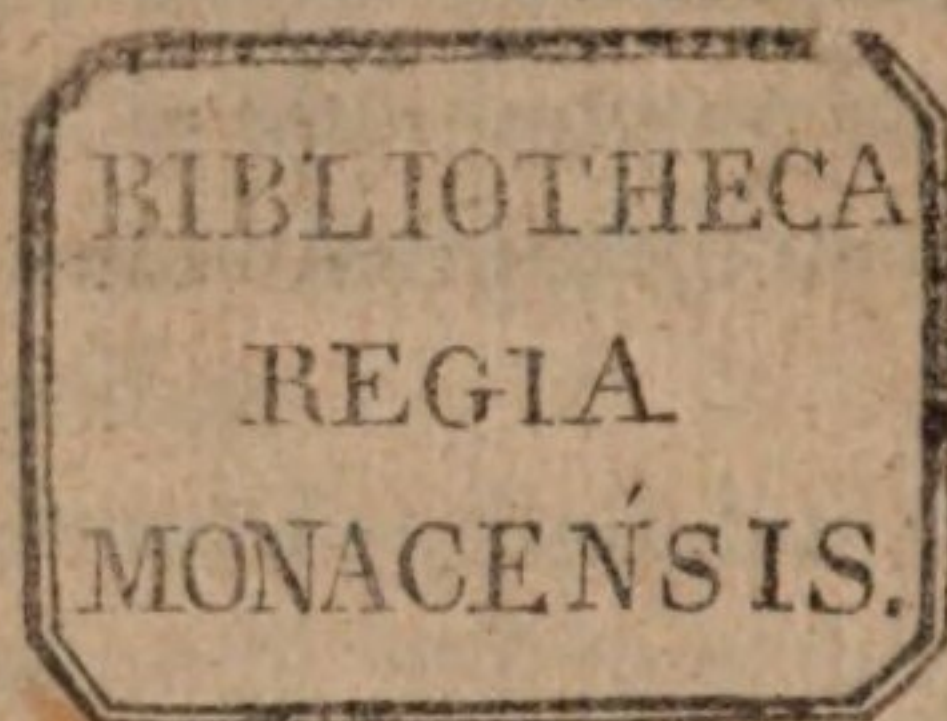
« Thou shalt have it, fair kinswoman, were it against a host—always excepting my liege Lord of Burgundy. But there is little time to talk of it. These filthy-looking fiends have made a halt, as if they intended to dispute the matter.—By Saint George of Burgundy, they

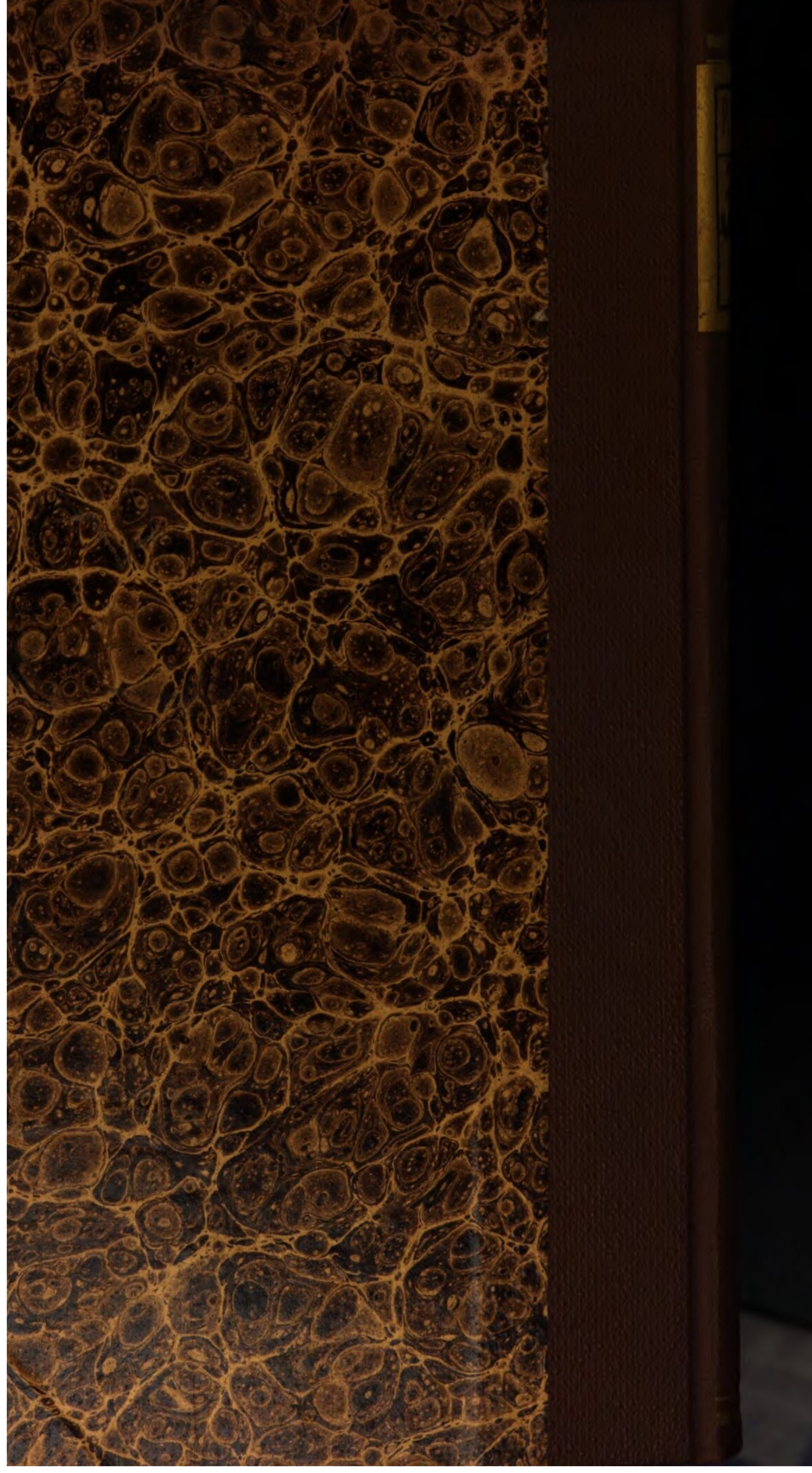
have the insolence to advance against the banner of Crevecœur! —What, will not the knaves be ruled?—Damian, my lance—Advance banner—Lay your spears in the rest—Crevecœur, to the rescue!”

Crying his war-cry, and followed by his men-at-arms, he galloped rapidly forward to charge the Schwarz-reiters.

END OF VOL. II.







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